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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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N.B.—All the names and characters mentioned in the stories in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are purely imaginary.

The Editor is always ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are inclosed, will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval. They should be addressed to The Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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Photo *Elvin Neame,*

Gulshina by Selfridge.

DO YOU LIKE PADDLING?

Only turn to page 387, where Miss Haidée de Rance—whose picture you see above—and a bevy of other beautiful actresses parade in paddling kit for your benefit, and you'll own it the most fascinating of summer pursuits.

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Photo *R. H. Pountney.*

THE RUSSIAN BEAR:
"THEY INTERN ME, BUT THEY WON'T INTERN THE GERMANS."

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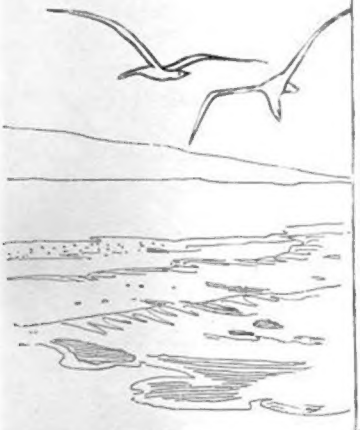
Do You Like Paddling?

Some of our prettiest actresses are enthusiastic paddlers, and they have their own ideas about appropriate costumes, as may be seen from the following charming photographs, specially taken for the ROYAL MAGAZINE by Elwin Neame.

MISS HAIDÉE DE RANCE,

who played the leading part in "To-Night's the Night" when it was produced at The Gaiety Theatre, considers oilskins just the thing for paddling in.



Oilskins by Aquascutum.

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MISS DOROTHY FUNSTON.

"Something loose and cool" is the choice of Miss Dorothy Funston, when she goes a-paddling. This pretty young actress played in "Betty," at Daly's Theatre, where she did much to enhance the success of that sprightly musical comedy. For Miss Funston is always charming, whether on the stage or the sea-shore.

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MISS PEGGY KURTON

is a young actress who won many laurels at the Gaiety Theatre, where she played the part of Lady Pussy Preston in "To-Night's the Night." Miss Kurton thinks that a short skirt and sports coat are an ideal costume to wear when paddling. And very delightful she looks in them, too!

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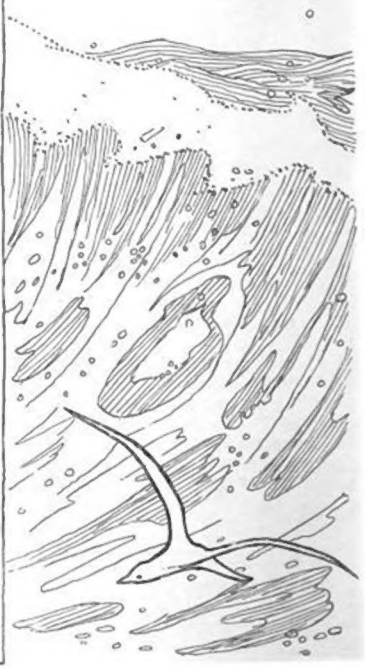
MISS DOROTHY MINTO

has chosen a costume which is eminently practical and most becoming, for there is something very chic *about the check jumper. Miss Minto has lately joined the goodly company of "revuists," and is doing great things at the Empire Theatre in "Watch Your Step!"*



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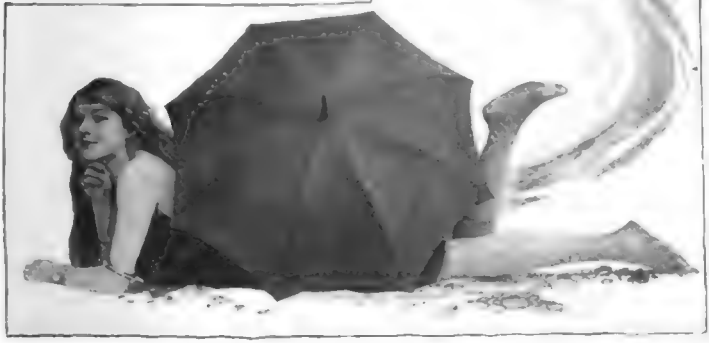
MISS TOMMY SINCLAIR,

who is one of the many beauties who gladden the hearts of Alhambra audiences, decides in favour of a bathing dress for paddling purposes. The idea has its points, too, for if you're tempted to turn your paddle into a bathe—well, there you are!



Pyjamas by Selfridge.

MISS SHEILA HAYES

is a winsome little actress whose splendid performance in that weird Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket," will be remembered by all who saw it. Miss Hayes has a weak spot in her heart for Futurist pyjamas, and would love to paddle in them.

ANOTHER THRILLING SPY STORY.

The MYSTERY of the FIVE BEANS

By William Le Queux.

In the following story Harry Nettlefield, the genial young Marconi operator who has forsaken the sea to join the Confidential Department of the Government, and help in unearthing German spies, tells a thrilling story of the conspiracy he discovered in the underworld of London.

I.

The evening of March 4th, 1915, was cold and wet.

Outside it was anything but a pleasant night, but within the obscure little German café in ——— Street, Tottenham Court Road, with its red-curtained windows, where I was sitting, all was warm, bright, and cosy. It consisted of a small shop, around which were placed several little tables, their white cloths rather soiled, while at them sat gossiping a number of Germans of the working class—waiters, hairdressers, bakers, jewellers, and the like, together with some German women, young and old.

The conversation was wholly in German, sometimes whispered, sometimes deep and guttural. Often a son of the Fatherland would raise his long glass of lager beer to his lips with an openly expressed toast to "The Day"—the day when the spiked Prussian helmets should be seen marching along English roads—and the others would fervently follow his example. Often their fierce and eager expressions as they talked together showed their bitter hatred of Britain and all her works, while the stout proprietor, Herman, bustled about, and, with the assistance of Erna, a buxom Hanoverian waitress, busily attended to the wants of his customers.

I had gone there, into the camp of the enemy alien, alone, and with a distinct purpose. I was wearing a soft felt hat which I had purchased from an Italian waiter, a much worn pair of black trousers, an evening waistcoat, white shirt, black tie, and over it a seedy jacket of blue serge. Thus I presented the appearance of a waiter who had hurriedly left his work, having had no time to change. Further, as I knew Italian very well, I spoke in that language, aware that any inaccuracy in pronunciation would probably not be detected by any German.

As I sat smoking a long thin "Toscano" cigar, one of those rank, bitter ones that are so tasteful to the Italian palate, I overheard much that was of intense interest to me, and

much information that had not appeared in the papers. Indeed, it was in places such as that—and there were at least a dozen more in the vicinity—where the news, flashed by lights at night from the coast to London by devious routes, was always known first. A British cruiser had been sunk in the North Sea that afternoon, one old man declared. One of their "U" boats had torpedoed it, and it had gone down, only fifty of the crew being saved.

"What is the ship's name?" inquired a fair-bearded man—probably a baker by trade—as he sat with his elbows on the table stolidly smoking his big pipe.

"In the message the name is not given," replied the other in German. "But five hundred of the English water-rats have been drowned, so it is good—eh?"

The fat baker smiled, clasped his hands, and slowly nodded approval.

At that moment the door opened, and all eyes were turned towards it in suspicion that an Englishman might enter there. A man and a fair-haired young girl crossed the threshold, and by the way they were both greeted it was at once apparent that they were *habitués* of that secret centre of conspiracy. Truly the underworld of London possesses some strange denizens.

The man was broad-shouldered and well-dressed, apparently about forty-five, very dark, of Hebrew type, with big black eyes and black moustache, while the girl was not more than twenty, fashionably attired, and wearing a long fur coat and white gloves. Yet about her face there was a peculiar expression, as though of some inexpressible terror. Places were at once made for the pair at the larger table against the wall, and then, as they sat down, a man, who addressed the new-comer as Grünhaus, asked in German if he had any news.

"Yes," was the calm reply. "One of our Taubes, while reconnoitring to-night, has sent signals of distress by wireless, for it has descended somewhere near Oxford. Klein and his friends have already gone to its assistance. We had the news about an hour ago."

At the mention of wireless I strained my ears, and though pretending to be engrossed in the copy of the *Secolo* I had taken from my pocket I, nevertheless, listened attentively to every word. And what I heard was of most intense interest. Truly, it was amazing that, while thousands of our brave men were being killed in the trenches, the authorities should allow the enemy to plot against us there, in the very heart of London.

One feature of the girl's dress which struck me as curious—why, I do not know—was the fact that she wore at her throat, fastening her blouse, a round blue-enamelled brooch upon which showed five small red spots. The brooch was of a pattern I had never before seen, and its design attracted me. The red spots upon the brooch were not circular—they seemed to be irregular, and spotted with black. I gazed at them from behind my newspaper, much puzzled, until I made out the curious design to be five small beans. What could it denote? In war-time many girls wore the badges of their lovers' regiments, and I wondered whether the girl's brooch possessed any significance.

I had not sat there for more than ten minutes longer when a young, fair-haired man entered the café. He possessed the fresh, round face of the Teuton, and wore rimless pince-nez. Nevertheless the people present regarded him with some suspicion, and in an instant all was silence. He noticed the looks of resentment and anxiety cast in his direction, whereupon he walked across to where Grünhaus and his companion were sitting, and, diving into his trousers pocket, he took out some objects and laid them reverently upon the table.

I looked eagerly, and saw that what he had placed upon the rather soiled tablecloth was something the sight of which aroused my curiosity.

He had deposited on the table five small beans.

Apparently they were an all-sufficient passport, for the next second all those present welcomed him as friend. Evidently the secret sign of the five beans was one by which friend could be distinguished from enemy.

Presently, having leisurely drunk my lager, I rose, loudly wished the German proprietor "*Buona notte*," and strolled out.

But I did not go far. Indeed, having walked to the corner of Percy Street, I took shelter from the rain in a doorway, and there waited in patience.

From where I stood I could see the ground-glass door of the little café, behind the red curtains of which the enemy in our midst were plotting, and for over an hour I waited there, until at last, when the rain ceased, the man Grünhaus emerged with the girl. Walking in my direction they passed me, and turned the corner into Percy Street, thence gaining the Tottenham Court Road. There they hailed a taxi and drove away, but not

Diving into his trousers pocket, he took out some objects and laid them reverently upon the table.

before I had been fortunate enough to obtain a second taxi, and, springing in, ordered my driver to follow them.

Across Waterloo Bridge and down the London Road we went, then on through Camberwell to Camberwell Green and up Denmark Hill, when suddenly, having crossed the railway bridge, we turned into a quiet road of good-sized old-fashioned detached houses with long gardens, houses of the early Victorian days when Denmark Hill was a fashionable suburb. Before one of the houses at the further end the taxi stopped while we, of course, went slowly past. I noted the house in question, and then we turned the corner.

When at a considerable distance I alighted and walked back. The house, I saw, stood in its own grounds some distance from the road, with a row of bare, stunted trees in front—a big, dreary-looking place, for no light showed within, not even in the fanlight over the door. It stood a good way apart from the neighbouring houses, the lower portions covered with ivy, which had been clipped around the shuttered windows. The semi-circular carriage drive which led to the house was weedy and neglected, and about the whole place was an air of profound mystery.

What had struck me more than anything else had been the demeanour of the girl. In those big, wide-open blue eyes there had showed, as she had sat in that stuffy little place, a look of fearsome apprehension, almost as though she were held in fatal fascination by some influence against which she was powerless. As I idled in that dark suburban road, her pale, pretty face arose before me again and again, until I became obsessed by it. Was it possible that she was held in the power of that man Grünhaus, the man who possessed such secret and intimate knowledge of the enemy's movements?

On glancing at my watch I saw that it was already eleven o'clock. For a full half-hour I had watched the house, when suddenly I saw a streak of light in one of the lower windows, showing that the wooden shutters had not been entirely closed. In consequence, I stepped in at the gate, treading softly across the grass until I approached the window in question, and peering in at the opening of the shutters, gained a good view of the well-furnished interior. It was the dining-room, where, before the fire, the young girl—who no longer wore her hat and coat—was seated bent in a deep easy-chair, with her elbows upon her knees, and her chin resting upon her hands.

She sat motionless, staring into the fire deep in thought, while ever and anon her chest heaved slowly in a long-drawn sigh. Her face was turned from me, yet a few seconds later I heard a man's deep voice—the voice of Grünhaus—speaking roughly. He asked some questions, whereupon she turned to him sharply with a quick gesture of resentment and defiance. Again he said something, and though I could not see him or catch his words, I knew that he had left the room, angrily slamming the door. When he had gone the girl sprang suddenly to her feet, and, pressing both her small hands to her white brow, she cried in English:

"The brute!—the inhuman blackguard! What am I to do? To know it all—and yet I remain here, powerless to act or to give warning. I—I feel I shall go mad!" she added, standing in an attitude of blank despair.

From where I stood I could see the brooch she wore with the curious design of the five beans, and again it set me wondering. What could be its meaning?

My impulse was to tap at the window and offer my assistance, but I saw instantly that such action would be most injudicious. Therefore presently, when the girl in the white silk blouse had passed out of the room and switched off the light, I crept noiselessly back over the grass and regained the road.

II.

About a fortnight later, on the afternoon of March 21st—which happened to be a Sunday—I, having reported the matter at Whitehall, and many inquiries having been made, set out again upon another expedition, the result of which proved considerably exciting.

Major Kellaway, of the Intelligence Department, who had been my superior officer, in charge of inquiries regarding spies and their activity—and with whom I had worked for some months—had been promoted and gone to the Front. His place had been taken by Major Ian Macdonald, a jovial, round-faced, middle-aged man who, as captain, for several years prior to the outbreak of war, had held an important appointment in the department dealing with contra-espionage. He was a shrewd, level-headed man, keen, active, and eager, who knew much of the devious ramifications of the German spy system in England.

When, at three o'clock, our chauffeur, Day, brought the big grey car for me to Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, I slipped my Browning pistol into the pocket of my heavy frieze coat, together with my electric torch, and got up beside him, while Clotilde got in behind. Clotilde Atherton, my well-beloved, had come up from her home at Esher, and, as usual, was keen to assist in our inquiries. We called for the Major, who lived in Addison Road, where two other Intelligence officers, a Captain Drewe and a Lieutenant Ewing, had joined him, and were in readiness. All of us wore plain clothes, and as we started along Addison Road on that grey Sunday afternoon we presented the appearance of a party going out for a pleasure run.

Soon we were travelling hard along the Great North Road, through Hatfield, and on to Hitchin, where, in the upper room at the old-world Sun Hotel, we had tea, which Clotilde poured out, and afterwards smoked. At half-past seven o'clock I went below to the telephone and asked for a certain number in Shefford, a small place about seven miles north of Hitchin, on the Bedford Road. My call was soon answered:

"Hullo! Nettlefield speaking. Is that you, Parsons?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir. All's right, sir. We're here," was the reply, and, satisfied, I then rang off.

A few minutes later we started out again in the car, passing across the market-place, through the town, and out on the Bedford Road, until we came into Shefford, where, in the yard of the railway station, there showed the big headlights of a large, grey-painted, covered lorry. We entered the station yard, slowly swinging round it, and out again, whereupon the lorry followed us at a respectable distance.

To the uninitiated it looked to be an ordinary Army lorry, such as is seen on the roads every day, but the cover concealed the fact that it was, in reality, a wireless car containing a very substantial Marconi portable set, capable of transmitting messages over a range of one hundred miles, and of receiving from ten times that radius. It was one belonging to the Royal Naval Air Service, and of its crew of five, two were first-class Marconi operators like myself, the other three being motor mechanics.

With the wireless car following us, we went on until we reached Bedford; then, passing through the town, we continued on the road, until suddenly, Day, who had been to the spot on a previous trip, turned the car through a gate on the left, and we ran up a long carriage drive until we came to a low-built, old-fashioned house, which Macdonald explained was Adstone Grange. Here we were still followed by the wireless car, which, as we alighted, drew in at the side into the garage.

Mr. Frewen, the owner of the place, and his wife received us most cordially, being old friends of the Major's, and while, later on, we sat down to a pleasant dinner, a meal was also provided for the wireless crew.

Ever since that evening in ——— Street I had constantly recollected the curious look of fear upon the pale countenance of the young girl who had accompanied Grünhaus—who, by the way, was known under another name at Denmark Hill, and said to be a retired solicitor. Indeed, Clotilde had been daily down to Denmark Hill, and had learnt a good many interesting facts. I did not much approve of my well-beloved doing detective work alone, but she was energetic and enthusiastic, urging me to do my part while she did hers—her set object being to become acquainted with the girl who wore the brooch bearing that curious device—an object which she had accomplished.

Just before nine o'clock Clotilde and myself, accompanied by Mr. Frewen and the others, put on our overcoats, and orders were given to get out the wireless car. We watched it being run into a neighbouring field, and there the gear was smartly set up.

The sections of the steel aerial poles were joined together, the spot marked out for the mats of copper gauze, which, placed on the ground, form the "earths," and presently, across the field to a height of fifty feet, two parallel aerial wires were hoisted.

While these preparations were being made I returned with Clotilde to the house, and, seated in the library, took out the little book in which the enemy's code was recorded, and by its aid coded an urgent message, which read in German:

> Aeroplane No. 117 broken down near cross roads at Bolnhurst, beyond Bedford. Send immediate assistance. Urgent.—BAUMEISTER.

So intricate was the code used by the German Secret Service in England that it took twenty minutes or so to reduce it to cipher, after which we went out again to find all prepared. One man was stationed

at each pole, one ready to run the engine, in order to produce the current necessary for the transmission of messages, and one on guard outside the car, while the operator himself sat within the car, wearing the head-phones and adjusting the neat set of instruments which were now exposed.

The interior of the car was lit by an electric lamp, and as I entered and took the operator's seat, adjusting another pair of 'phones to my ears, I could hear the high, very musical note of a Zeppelin somewhere over the North Sea, sending a message back to its base. The note of a Zeppelin, its aerial wire being so high in the air, is always distinctive above other messages, so that an airship can always be detected if it approaches our coast.

Reid, the operator, who spoke broad Scotch, heard it also, but only for a few moments, for I manipulated the instruments and searched for other messages. We could hear Norddeich, at the mouth of the Elbe, sending out the German official war news from the Berlin Lie Bureau, in its high-pitched Telefunken note, almost like a cock crowing. The station at Clifden, in Ireland, was exchanging messages across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, while several ships in the Channel and North Sea were calling, one asking repeatedly for G. L. D., which was the station far south at the Lizard.

I had some consultation with the Major and Clotilde, to whom I showed the message about to be sent out.

"I shall use a very low wave-length and small power, just as an aeroplane might do," I remarked. "Many of the German Taubes are fitted with short-range wireless, and in this instance it should be our aim to imitate it exactly, on the assumption that though the aeroplane is in distress, its wireless gear is still in working order, and that the aerial wire has been attached to a tree."

Of this Major Macdonald entirely approved, therefore a few moments later I gave the order for the mechanic to start up the petrol engine, the dynamo whirred, and as I touched the key to tap out the dots and dashes, a clear, blue spark was emitted under the key each time I made the contact.

The loud whirr, and the sharp electric crackle was kept up as I made the preliminary call to all wireless stations in the neighbourhood, and then, having given the enemy's prefix, I slowly sent out the long string of cipher letters, in groups of five at a time.

The message ended. I raised my hand, and the engine ceased. Then, in the silence, both Reid and myself sat straining our ears at the phones. We knew it would take anyone with illicit wireless—and it was known that many spies possessed it—fully twenty minutes or half-an-hour to decode our distress signals. Therefore, while Reid still remained at his post "listening in," I relaxed my vigilance and got out of the car to talk to Major Macdonald and his companions. To Mr. Frewen I explained something about the wonders of wireless, and also to his wife, who had joined Clotilde while I had been tapping out the message to the enemy. The lady was inquisitive regarding our intentions, but as it is not our habit to speak of the work in hand, we preserved a discreet silence, for even the wireless crew were entirely ignorant of what we were doing, or of the nature of the message we had sent out.

Reid, seated in the car, was listening on the 250 metre wave-length, as spies would certainly not have a very high-power station. He sat with the phones on his ears, bent over the desk immovable, so intently was he straining his hearing.

For nearly half-an-hour he heard no answering signals. Then I left Clotilde put on the second pair of phones, and took my place again beside him. I suppose I had waited another quarter-of-an-hour, when suddenly I heard a faint call. Quickly I adjusted the instruments until the little buzzes sounded loud and distinct—but in a peculiar, high-pitched note.

Pencil in hand, I wrote down each letter as I heard it.

My heart leapt for joy. The call was to "Baumeister." Three times was that name repeated, then, after a brief pause, came the message in groups of five letters, similar to what I had sent out.

I took down each letter separately, checking them when the message was rapidly repeated, and then, leaving the car, I hurried back to the house to decode it, the Major and Clotilde accompanying me. They were all excitement to know what was the answer.

Without delay, I sat at the table, and together we puzzled out the cipher message, which we found to read in German——

> "Baumeister. Message received. Starting at once.—Klein, London."

When I had written the words Major Macdonald at once became active and eager.

"Splendid!" he cried. "This idea of yours is really great, Nettlefield!"

"Klein was the name I heard mentioned in ——— Street," was my reply. "Apparently he has a secret wireless station somewhere in London, and keeps a car in readiness to go out to any aviators who may be in distress."

"Let's hope he comes to us," my companion remarked.

"He will—if he doesn't suspect," I said. "We must not send out any messages tonight."

"Of course not. We'll slip down to the rendezvous," said the Major.

"No very great hurry," was my reply. "If they are coming from London they cannot possibly be here much before midnight."

"I think they'll come—don't you? The ruse has worked," Clotilde remarked eagerly.

"They may," I admitted. "But German spies are such wary birds that they are very seldom trapped."

Returning to the car, the order was given to dismantle, and then, as our host and hostess had walked back to the house and were out of hearing, the Major ordered the men to put on their revolvers, and then served out ammunition for them.

"Put everything in order for moving," he said. "And when you are ready, Reid, report to me at the house."

"Very well, sir," was the operator's reply, and then we three again went back to the Grange, where we had some refreshment in the smoking-room.

Mr. Frewen and his wife were very anxious to know what had happened, but we made pretence that our plans had failed, and that we intended to return to London.

Clotilde made up a pretty story for them—how the message we had taken down had, on being deciphered, turned out to be one of our own Admiralty messages. Therefore, our host expressed regret that we had not been more successful.

So, about half-past eleven, we bade farewell to Adstone Grange, and left in our car, the wireless crew following close behind. After travelling about three miles towards the cross-roads we had indicated in the message, we turned both cars into a field and, placing them beside a hedge, left Day in charge, and continued on foot in the dark till we reached the cross-roads in question. These lay between the two small villages of Bolnhurst and Keysoe, in hilly country to the north of Bedford, an out-of-the-way spot where an aeroplane might be concealed in one of the fields for days without discovery.

Besides Clotilde, there were nine of us, each armed with a heavy service revolver, and on arrival at the signpost where the four roads met, the Major explained matters to the men.

"A car will probably come along here and pull up presently, and the occupants will begin to search about the fields for a wrecked aeroplane. If they do, make no noise, but creep after them and watch. Then, when I blow my whistle, arrest them. They're spies. But don't shoot, unless they shoot first. Understand?"

The five men of the Royal Naval Air Service, in their khaki caps and blue naval uniforms, understood perfectly, and entered instantly into the spirit of the adventure.

Then Macdonald posted his men in concealment in various positions, I seeking a spot with Clotilde under a dark hedge at the corner of the road which led up from Bedford—the road up which the mysterious Klein would probably come.

The night was windy, and very dark. It had rained heavily earlier in the evening, but had cleared up somewhat, yet all was damp and cold. Some of us had pocket torches, but to show a light was forbidden, therefore smoking was prohibited. Though we could not see each other, yet we could converse in low whispers. Thus an hour of breathless tension passed.

All was silence, save for the barking of a distant dog, and the chimes of a church clock away across the hills.

That the enemy's Taubes were over British soil each night, reconnoitring in view of the great air raid planned to be made on London, had been proved by what I overheard Grünhaus tell his friends and what Clotilde had learnt.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Clotilde to place a lighted lamp at the roadside to attract the attention of the spies coming to the assistance of their supposed comrade, but, unfortunately, we had not brought a lamp with us, so that ruse could not be worked. Hence we were compelled to remain hidden in the darkness, waiting breathlessly, our ears on the alert to catch the first sounds of any approaching car.

An hour of breathless tension passed. It came on to rain again, a steady downpour which soaked into our coats, while the air-service men in their black oilskins kept dry. Half-an-hour more went by, the minutes dragging on as they do when one is waiting in the darkness of night. Macdonald came across to chat with us.

"I don't feel at all sure," he said, "whether they'll find the spot. The call for help was a bit vague, wasn't it?"

"No," I replied. "I told them to come to these cross-roads. We must be patient."

We all three stood back in the hedge together, chatting for ten minutes or so, discussing the probabilities of our enemies being suspicious, when, of a sudden, the voice of one of the men, whose ears were keener than the rest, cried:

"Hark!"

We all listened, and, sure enough, out of the silence of the night, we heard the low hum of a car rapidly approaching.

"Now, men! Remember what I've said," exclaimed the Major clearly, so that all could hear. "Mind and don't show yourselves. Get back behind the hedges, anywhere so that their headlights won't show you up. If they get out, stalk them on tiptoe till I blow my whistle."

A second warning was not needed. The five motor-mechanics who had enlisted in the Air Service were keen enough, now that they knew they were spy-hunting, each man being eager to play his part in order to bring the enemy at home to book.

"All right, sir," we heard from various directions in the darkness. Meanwhile the car was coming on rapidly. Indeed, across the fields behind the hedge where Clotilde and myself stood hidden with the Major we could see the white streak of their headlights rapidly approaching.

On they came, nearer and nearer, until of a sudden, as the car turned the corner, the road before us became lit up. The driver evidently saw the white signpost, for he at once slowed down.

I confess that at that moment my heart was beating rapidly.

Slackening pace, the car, which I could see was an open one containing, besides the driver three men in heavy coats, slowly approached the cross-roads, and then to our surprise, after passing at walking pace, suddenly started off up the hill, continuing on the road northward, showing its red back-lamp and leaving us all much puzzled.

"Was that Klein and his friends, do you think?" I asked the Major, who stood beside me as mystified as myself.

"I really don't know, Nettlefield," was his reply.

"Well," said Clotilde, "if those men are spies they'll return, because they've overshot the mark. Can't we get Day up in readiness to follow them if necessary?"

"Excellent idea," was the Major's reply, for he was a true British officer, always ready to adopt a suggestion providing it was a good one, and, calling one of the men, he sent him back to Day, telling him to bring the car along and turn it into the gateway of a grass field which he indicated.

"I have strong suspicions that that car which has passed is the one from London," Macdonald remarked in a low voice. "It was a powerful one, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "A seventy-five Austro-Daimler, I think—a fast car in any case. Besides, they were evidently looking for cross-roads."

"Certainly they were," was the Major's reply.

At the moment I confess I was thinking of the fair-haired young girl who wore that brooch bearing the curious device of the five red and black beans. Why I should have been so obsessed by that thought I really cannot tell. The production of those five beans by the young man who had entered the restaurant in Charlotte Street had struck me as both unusual and remarkable.

Ten minutes later we heard Day coming slowly along with all his lights out, and he only switched them on in order to find the gate into the field.

Then we waited, all ears strained to catch any sounds of the returning car. But there were none—only the barking of the dog and the church chime as each quarter-of-an-hour passed. The rain stopped, for which we were all thankful, and the storm cleared.

At last, upon all our ears there fell the sound of a car coming southward. Was it the same car which had passed us? Those moments were full of most intense excitement.

Slowly it came along, its headlights showing afar off, until at last the road became illuminated, and it slackened down as it approached the signpost.

A moment later we saw that it was the same long, open car that had come from the direction of London. At the cross-roads they halted almost opposite where we were concealed, and we could hear them speaking German in consultation.

One man got out and, taking a flash-lamp, went to the far side of the signpost to read its directions. On his return he passed into the zone of the powerful headlights, when my heart gave a bound, for I saw that it was no less a person than Grünhaus himself!

"We had best alight here," he said in German to his companions. "The aircraft is probably in a field about here and will not

show a light for fear of betraying itself. We will leave the car here, friend Klein—eh? The lights will show our comrade that we are here to succour him."

Then, as we watched the man, Klein, a rather burly person in his big motor-coat, descended from the car with another man and they set off up a dark road to the left in order to reconnoitre. Truly, our wireless message had had its desired effect.

I believe the whole of us were chuckling as we saw three men in overcoats disappear into the darkness of the side road leading up a steep hill eastward.

Major Macdonald, though an expert in the hunting of spies, grew excited, and naturally so, for he saw that the three enemies afoot must fall into the ambush we had prepared for them.

The Major allowed them to go about a thousand yards along the steep road, the five men creeping up noiselessly behind, when, of a sudden, a shrill whistle sounded, and all three were pounced upon at the point of the revolver before they could recover breath.

In a second they turned upon their captors. Truly it was an exciting moment, for in that instant quite half-a-dozen revolver shots were fired. I, myself, grabbed hold of the man Grünhaus, who, in a second, drew his weapon and fired point blank at me.

Instead of raising my gun I shot out my hand and, being pretty muscular, gripped him by the throat and, exercising a trick I learnt in Japan, I had him next second in a grip which rendered him powerless. Then, placing my pistol at his head, I dared him to move.

The fellow proved a coward, as all spies of the Kaiser are, when cornered. He cringed and begged, as they all do.

He did not know, neither did the Major know, that I had an ulterior motive in all this—namely, the elucidation of the mystery of the five beans.

That their significance was important I felt confident; therefore, I had left no stone unturned to unearth the truth.

Well, to cut a long story short, we secured all three, as well as the chauffeur, and twenty minutes or so later we were returning towards the Great North Road with Grünhaus and Klein well guarded in our car, while the chauffeur and the fourth man were in the Austro-Daimler, also well guarded. In procession, the wireless car, driven by the Scotch operator, Reid, following us, we returned to London, where eventually we landed our four prisoners in the wide portals of Bow Street Police Station.

Our night exploit was, of course, hushed up. The Censor forbade the Press to publish anything about the adventure, and when the magistrate heard the case next day it was in camera. So also was the trial which in due course took place at the Old Bailey, all four spies being sent to penal servitude for five years each.

This was satisfactory, but it was not so interesting as the facts revealed by means of our exploit, and by my well-beloved's energies to gain the truth.

Clotilde, who by her marvellous woman's tact, had succeeded in making the acquaintance and winning the confidence of little Rosine Klaus, the poor terror-stricken girl with the blue eyes, niece of the spy, Grünhaus, had herself discovered the secret of the five beans. Rosine, when I saw her the day after the magistrate had heard the case at Bow Street, told me how she had been compelled to assist in the plans of her uncle, who had in his house—as we found afterwards—explosives intended to blow up the Penge tunnel on the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, and these were to be used in the course of the following week, the night when the great air raid upon London was to take place.

She revealed to me, in Clotilde's presence, how the design of the five beans upon her brooch was a device by which an association of German spies in Great Britain, known under the innocent title of "The League of Virtue," were able to know and assist each other.

On that same evening, when my own dear Clotilde brought Rosine to Vernon Chambers and we all three sat down together in my little sitting-room, the German girl said to me:

"Ah, Mr. Nettlefield, you, by your foresight and intuition, and with Clotilde's cleverness, have at last released me from a desperate and infernal band—the spies of the satanic Kaiser. I owe my life to you, as by this time I should certainly have taken it with my own hand. The English nation has no greater or more imminent peril to-day, I assure you, than the great and terrible danger—the peril of invasion indicated by the Sign of the Five Beans."

(Next month appears another splendid story, in which the spy hunters again emerge victorious from their chase of the enemy.)

My Message from the Front

By

Ben Tillett.

Mr. Ben Tillett, whose name has been so closely identified with trade unionism and social questions, recently returned from the Front, whither he went to report to the workers at home on the situation there. The following article is a battle-cry to the nation, and voices the appeal of Field-Marshal Sir John French, who, in a letter to Mr. Tillett, said: "More men and more materials must be immediately forthcoming to back up the zeal and courage of our fighting forces."

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*

Mr. Ben Tillett, who sums up the situation at the Front, in the following stirring article.

You want to know something about the Front?

Even if I possessed the power of lurid expression no word of mine or word picture would fill the bill in describing the horrors of this terrible war. Just think of it:

Twenty-five million men engaged in trying to murder each other. Five million already dead or *hors de combat*. Twenty millions of money being spent daily in loot, in blood-lust. All branches of industry centred on providing lethal weapons—the more murderous the better. Industry paying partly for the war now, taking upon itself burdens that will last for generations, even centuries. Industry paralysed, commerce paralysed, the relationship of nations in tumult and angry strife; religion paralysed, culture palsied, and the genius of civilisation burnt to dust by the heat and passion of sheer hatred and militarism.

The Price of Unpreparedness.

Germany's forty-four years of relentless blood-lust and preparation for calculated murder by every resource of science, every physical power of man, every material means, have been organised, shaped, developed, and directed into just one channel of military power and dominance leading to destruction. But we are in this war without any preparation, as against forty-four years of eager, determined preparation on the part of Germany, like a stealthy panther creeping on its prey. We gambolled and played at peace, and our diplomacy grinned its crazy grin of satisfaction, and then the panther sprang at our very vitals.

Hell's Orchestra in Full Blast.

Those who would differ from me ought to go through France, and see the wasted villages and towns and cities, the ruined homes, the wreckage of beautiful buildings, and hear the tales of horror, of violation, of rape, of wanton destruction, of lust viler than the beast, of outrage on women and children, the crucifixion of men, and ruin—blood-red ruin—wherever the Huns' hate and savagery were let loose. Side by side with the horrors of devastated cities and desolated country centres, there is the awful trail of wounded and dead left after the shrieking shells and the rattle of bullets and the deadly play of machine-guns. It is hell's orchestra in full blast, the bass note in the boom of heavy guns, the high crescendo in the shrieking and cursing shells as they speed on to Death; the spit, spit of bullet, the hissing of howitzer and mortar shell, and the hoarse cries of men, the stampeding of horses, and the low moaning of wounded and dying.

And yet in our own country there are creatures who look upon this war as something apart, an abstract detachment which has no connection with their own safety or national responsibility. In the meantime our men have had to struggle with bayonet and rifle against live shells, mortars, high explosive shells, and the terrible machine-guns of the Germans, and this is a tribute to their courage, betokening spiritual bravery almost beyond conception. These men paid with their lives and their bodies for a number of the British public too ingrate to understand or appreciate the glorious and holy sacrifice made in their behalf.

The Need for Artillery.

We are, at the time of writing, without sufficient artillery. We want five hundred shells for every five we are getting. We want more guns. We want to learn warfare. We want to be prepared with the machinery of warfare. The war of five years ago is obsolete to-day. High explosive shells, heavy ordnance, heavy howitzers, heavy mortar, and hand-bombs are all the essentials of war, and of greater consequence than even wire entanglements and trenches. To-day, if a trench can be located, there is very little hope.

The Germans are aiming at Calais. Calais is the very throat of England. A modern gun will carry twenty-five miles. If Germany possesses Calais she will have achieved a greater purpose than if she had Paris and Warsaw in combination. We are fighting for our very existence. It is not only our crisis, but the crisis in civilisation itself, on determining whether militarism shall rule with cruel power, or peaceful industry again come into its own. Our men are without sufficient guns. Our army is without sufficient numbers. Our officers are without sufficient support. Our warfare is neither elaborate enough, expensive enough, or concentrated enough.

Wanted—A Sense of National Responsibility.

While we have worked miracles and have created, as it were by magic, an army, that army has done all and more than it rightly could be expected to do. For all that, we have not arisen to a sense of our responsibility as a nation.

The manufacturer or the capitalist who filches and robs and raises the price of food or handicaps the war by increasing prices, is not merely a thief, he is viler than the worst Hun, and is a greater danger to the country than Junkerdom. The evil he creates is that, first of all, he robs, that he sets up discontent, and that he takes from our people their liberty. He robs the men in the trenches and at the Front of their courage and their confidence. He turns weeping dependants and widows and orphans into beggars, who call for justice.

The Traitors at Home.

The workman who refuses to do his level best for his fellow-countrymen who are in the trenches is worse than the vilest blackleg. He is like the employer haggling over prices—the murderer of his fellow men. There must be no beating about the bush. This is a war calling up all our national resources—all our courage, yea, even the savagery of our nature. We must have peace only by fighting. The Kaiser and Junkerdom have developed this awful Armageddon.

Splendid as our hospital arrangements are, we want better. Practical as our administration may be of benefits and assistance, it is still open to very considerable improvement. Practical as the creation of the department for munitions may be, unless there is an immediate and adequate response of co-operation through all the country, there is sure to be a muddle. There must be no half measures. We want a general army staff of confident men who have been at the Front, who may not be fooled and foiled by civilian amateurs and military amateurs.

Our Debt to Our Warriors.

We have got to realise that the men in the trenches are doing their country's work—at tremendous sacrifice of health, of life, and limb. We are paying over three millions a day as our contribution. Side by side with the fact that at the Front rich men and poor men, noblemen and humble men are just men in one holy comradeship facing the grey Hell and horrors of war, there is a camaraderie there where danger has to be faced. Are fear and danger so far away from England that our manhood, having no imagination, fails to understand and realise what it means?

Could I have my way I would take every man skulking, shuffling, and lying to get out of responsibility—I would take him and show him what Hell is, and what our people are doing for these wretched ingrates.

Speed Up the Munitions!

I want just to summarise the position. We started with eighty thousand men and broke the German thrust on Paris. That glorious army shattered itself in the process. Our army has gradually increased in numbers and efficiency, but munitions and weapons have been slow in supply. We want heavy ordnance, high explosive shells, and all the accessories for warfare, even ammunition for small guns. Our men have used their brains and bodies in place of the lethal weapons possessed by the Germans to our disadvantage. They have done this horrible trench work in mud and ice, and kept ward and watch, and risked all through the long winter right into the summer.

Their numbers are increasing. Our Front is only thirty-five miles. We have merely held our position for the ten months. France has 500 miles and has advanced a little. We could have beaten back the Germans had we had the explosives. We cannot beat them back until our own ammunition is in quantity and effectiveness as great as the Germans'! We cannot thrust them out of France or out of Belgium without superior quantities and sufficiency of ammunitions and guns.

The Concentration of Our Powers.

We have got the courage, we have got the manhood, we have got the leadership. A man as brilliant as Wellington, as great as any leader of old military authorities, we have in General French, and in Lord Kitchener we have the greatest organiser of modern times. We have in our workshops every possible resource, and in the skill of our workmen every power and strength necessary. There must be a glorious awakening of all these powers or we shall go on sacrificing lives by the thousands, and men will be disabled by tens of thousands.

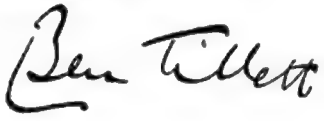
Already our men have been murdered, butchered in this war. They fought without hope of escaping annihilation, and yet we have done all these wonderful things. I hope sincerely the manhood of our country, which is greater than that of France, will respond. France has given five millions. We have given three. I don't want our people, our democracy, our democratic system to sulk and skulk their duty. Everyone holding back weakens our side and strengthens the other.

The Cry of Our Soldiers.

We ought to raise five million men. We ought to have the whole manhood of our country aroused to a sense of the country's peril and the extraordinary savagery and maniacal brains of an enemy who is merciless and steeped in human depravity and blood-guilt. The men in the trenches ask two things of England:

First, that they be supported by every material and moral means and given the weapons and accessories of war that they may fight with greater confidence. They will never have greater bravery than they already possess.

The next point is, that they ask our people, the pastors and masters at home enjoying the comforts of security and peace, that there should be no robbing of the widows' cupboard or the workers' larder; that capital and labour, skill and organisation and brains and machinery and industry shall co-ordinate for one great purpose—the ending of this War by the supplying of means adequate to meet the demands made upon them.



Fleurette's Flageolet

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

By Josephine Munford.

"Tom," said Zekeldi with a sigh, "Tom, I tell ye Blossom ain't like herself a mite—not a mite."

The old clown sat upon a property trunk against the drab wall of the dressing-tent, his legs in their baggy, white pantaloons, crossed, his eyes, beneath coal-black brows that ran up in angles to meet his chalky pate, fixed with curious intentness on the flap leading from the main tent.

"Wot's the matter with 'er?" asked the Three-legged Man, whose third leg rested genially against the opposite side of the tent. "She looks all right to me."

Zekeldi scratched his head thoughtfully, dislodging thereby one of his red-and-black ornamental crescents. He licked it earnestly and stuck it back into place.

"I ain't to say right sartain. But it's all along o' this 'ere Mayme Spanelli. I'm a-thinkin'. Mayme ain't right, and that's plain truth—she ain't right."

The tent-flap flew up and a little figure in bright yellow tights and yellow tarletan skirts danced airily in beneath it.

"Hullo, Neddie! Hullo, Tom!" She paused a moment, struck by their guilty expressions. "Who's dead?" she laughed.

Her eyes sparkled and her breast rose and fell with the excitement of her recent exercise in the ring. Her gilt-shod feet scarcely touched the earth as she made her way to a heap of gaudy clothing on a vaulter's mattress, extracted therefrom a long brown Quaker cloak and eclipsed herself within it. Thrusting her feet into clumsy ground shoes, she shuffled back to the old clown and flopped down beside him, nestling her sunny head on his white calico shoulder. Tom slipped out, leaving them alone.

"Tired, Blossom?" probed Zekeldi.

Blossom Doolan, known to that favoured part of the public acquainted with Bingley's Mammoth Wonder Shows as Mademoiselle Fleurette, shook her head.

"I'm not tired. But Black Star got so lively he almost gave me the slip once and—Big Dan *nearly* missed me when I jumped!"

The old clown shuddered, but she wriggled in his embrace and laughed up at him mockingly. He stared with fierce tenderness down into the upturned face. It was beautiful to him—that fine, fair forehead, the arched brows and slanting, piquant eyes inherited from the French tight-rope walker who was her mother; the straight, slender nose which beauty gave her on its own account; the mobile Irish mouth too large for art but just right for love, bequeathed by her father, Tim Doolan—otherwise Signor Scorpiata the Snake-Charmer. Until three weeks before that pretty face had been as care-free as a kitten's. But now it was drawn and weary, with hard, don't-care lines about the mouth.

Suddenly her amber-tinted eyes took on an eerie gleam, while a wild look flashed across her face making a blighted mockery of her smile.

"If he *had* missed me I wouldn't have cared a scrap," she declared.

"Blank Denis Hagan!" swore Zekeldi fervently under his breath. "And blank Mayme Spa—Better cheese that, though, for she's a woman—a *sort* o' one!"

The circus band in the main tent changed its tune. This was Zekeldi's signal. Fleurette flew to her feet, giving him a little push towards the ring flap. At the same instant this was raised and a dark-haired woman in red tights entered the dressing-tent.

Mayme Spanelli was the Greatest Living Woman Contortionist of the World, witness the flaring hand-bills posted everywhere about the town. She was Italian of feature, with great, over-ripe black eyes and a perfect body; not all the training of her trade could eradicate its voluptuous lines. Until her recent advent into the troupe, little Mademoiselle Fleurette had been its unquestioned idol, but she had no weapons against a woman like Mayme.

She smiled warmly as she passed the younger girl.

"You do look well in those yellow tights, kid! But you oughter eat more—you oughter get a little plumper!" A tiny prick-point of malice shone in the corners of her heavy-lidded eyes.

Fleurette's eyes flashed and the real red surged beneath her carmine cheeks. She drew her cloak closer about her knees and swept out of the tent, leaving behind her a trail of electrical silence.

"Humph!" sniffed Mayme. "Won't speak, won't she! Well—just let her wait! I'll get even for that!"

The band again changed its tune. The ringmaster cracked his whip and Zekeldi, a troupe of blue-tighted acrobats, "Zedda the Flying Princess" and a group of "bareback queens" tumbled into the dressing-tent, followed out of the ring by gaily caparisoned horses, trick mules and ponies, which waiting grooms led quickly away.

A moment later the Strong Man entered alone.

His six-feet-two of rippling muscle beneath his dark-green tights found favour in the sight of Mayme Spanelli; she liked the crisp wave of his close-cut hair above his good-natured Irish face; his eyes, with their odd trick of looking out suddenly with startling blueness, from beneath heavily-fringed black lashes, appealed to her. She swayed towards him gracefully as he entered the tent.

"Hullo, Denny boy!" she called in her throaty contralto, holding him a moment with her eyes; then she looked down and smiled at nothing in particular. "Hullo!"

"Why, how do, Miss Mayme." He, too, smiled vaguely. "Hullo!" Then, as if with an effort, he averted his eyes and passed her. "Where's Blossom?" he asked awkwardly.

"Oh, she's gone off with the Human Eel," lied the woman easily. "I'm going to the cook-tent to get rid of the crowd. Want to come along?"

Her warm smile enveloped him like an embrace.

"Why——" began Denis doubtfully. "Of course I do!" he finished, as she laid her hand on his arm.

Fleurette, hidden by the friendly night, stood just outside the tent on the broad tongue of a tableau waggon. She heard their words through the canvas. With burning eyes she watched them come out, cross the grass, and enter the deserted cook-tent. She turned and ran as far as possible into the darkness of the vacant space outside the circus enclosure, and sat huddled against the fence, her bright head buried in her arms, her shoulders heaving.

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Mayme's threat to "get even" with Fleurette was easily carried out. Her subtle flatteries of Denis Hagan were seconded only too well by Fleurette's self-defensive cloak of indifference and by Denis' own sense of wrong-doing. He felt uncomfortable in his old sweetheart's presence, and, manlike, soon avoided it altogether. Zekeldi foolishly undertook to argue with him, which only gave him a push further in Mayme's direction. The news came to Tim Doolan's ears, and his paternal sympathy made him get so drunk that his turn had to be withdrawn for a week.

During her father's rest cure, Fleurette, who had inherited some of his occult power with snakes, fed his pets with her own hands though she never ventured to enter their cages. And when Goliath, the big python, stirred up trouble, she restored peace with the music of a silver flageolet. It was a sacred heirloom, this tiny, quaintly-embossed instrument, for poor dead Ninette, the tight-rope walker, had given it to Tim long ago.

A few days later Bingley's Mammoth Wonder Shows arrived at Westwick, the largest town in its yearly tour. It was here, because of its relatively magnificent hostelry, "The Westwick Arms," that the supreme event of the year was to be celebrated—namely, Fleurette's twentieth birthday.

Zekeldi had always given Fleurette some sort of a birthday party. But suddenly this one, from being but one of a series, became a thing of deadly significance, a matter to Fleurette almost of life and death. For, pride yielding at last to the clamourings of her heart, she had asked Denis Hagan to the party. And Mayme Spanelli, who was *not* invited, had laughed in her face tauntingly and had vowed that Denis would not go without her.

He had promised to come—but *would* he? Would he come?—*would he come?—would he come?* All day the clocks ticked to the rhythm of this question, and her feet danced to it on the broad back of Black Star, while her little heart pounded it out with torturing insistence all through the never-ending show on the night of the party.

When the last turn had drawn to its close,

Fleurette's guests hurried into their best clothes and met by pre-arrangement in front of the horse-tent.

"He *looked* as if he was sorry," she breathed to herself. "I'll forgive him everything if he shows up to-night. If not——"

When the Strong Man, the last on, changed by reason of his conflicting emotions, started through the common section of the dressing-tent, a figure rose lazily amid the wavering shadows of the half-dead lantern and approached him. A long black Quaker cloak enveloped the body, over whose shoulders the no less black hair fell in sinuous waves nearly to the waist. As Denis hesitated, startled, the woman strained up to him with a heavy-lidded smile, letting her cloak swing back to reveal the shimmer of scarlet tights. Her fingers closed gropingly upon his shoulders, her perfumed hair clouded his face.

"I—waited for you, Denny boy," her warm lips panted against his in a passionate whisper. "Don't leave me to-night!"

With a smothered cry the man crushed her in his arms.

Outside, the little group waited

It was only Fleurette whose fear-driven eyes had kept watch on the tent. It was only Fleurette who understood the wavering black silhouette against the canvas walls.

"Come on!" she cried in a voice that could not have been her own. "It's time to go."

Pride covered her hurt. But throughout that ghastly feast her heart was pounding out a cry for vengeance against Mayme Spanelli.

Fate is not always wanton. Sometimes she gives us a square chance. The next night Fleurette's chance came.

At the left of the ring, near the exit to the animal tents, Mayme Spanelli held sway, twisting her lissome body out of all resemblance to anything human. Her tights were red and her black hair, mysterious as deadly nightshade, flung hither and thither across her varying postures like a storm-cloud scudding across a bloody sunset.

Outside the main tent a very different matter was taking place. For one thing, Signor Scorpiata was dallying with a bottle in hasty atonement for his yesterday of soberness; for another, big Goliath, the python, was obviously annoyed. Impatient for his master's neglected ministrations, his head oscillated angrily; he circled his cage rhythmically, sinuously, insistently. How it happened was never discovered—no one could swear that the fault was Tim's—but presently, silently and unseen amid the sawdust shadows, a coil of tent-rope—or was it firehose?—or was it hooded death?—trailed its graceful, padded way from shadow to shadow.

In the ring the performance was at its height. The tight-rope walker dared death in the dome, the bare-back riders toyed with it near the ground, when suddenly, on the pad near the side-show entrance, Mayme Spanelli, with a shriek that pierced the band music like the two-edged sword of destiny, met it face to face!

Under the canvas Goliath had entered the ring.

At first, dazed by the crowd and the flaring lights, the big serpent stared stupidly. But at Mayme's second scream he glided swiftly forward, and wrapped her scarlet body in a sinister embrace.

The crowd rose to its feet wildly. The cry "Lion loose!" drove the timid to instant flight. Those who saw that no raging yellow monster beset them waited tense, uncertain. At Mayme's end of the ring all who could see the big serpent stood hypnotised with horror, watching.

Zekeli was the first of the performers to reach the spot.

"Go for Tim!" he shouted, but in despair anticipated the answer. "Good heavens, he's dead drunk!"

Denis Hagan rushed forward. Frantically he and some of the more daring, the old clown among them, clutched at the serpent's huge folds. Mayme prayed and cursed by turns in hysterical terror. But Goliath merely swayed his head scornfully at their efforts, tightening his folds slowly about the body of the girl, pinioning her arms to her side. Someone, in a vain hope, wheeled the python's great glass cage into the ring.

Fleurette stood motionless upon Black Star, watching. Vengeance had descended upon Mayme Spanelli at last. And Denis Hagan must look on at her struggle and could not help her! A fierce exultation surged within Fleurette. She dropped upon the saddle-pad and hid her face in Black Star's neck. Then . .

A yellow flash shot through the terrified group, was out of the tent and back again almost faster than the eye could follow. Fleurette stood in front of the girl she hated. Her yellow-brown eyes shone with an exalted gleam In her hand she held a silver flageolet.

The group, divining something, drew back

at her passionate gesture. She stood alone before the scarlet figure in the serpent's cruel folds. The band had stopped playing at Mayme's first shriek. The scales of life and death were shifting in silence.

Zekeldi rushed to Fleurette's side and laid his hand on her arm.

"What are ye doin', Blossom? For God's sake, be careful!" he begged. "You can't handle Goliath!"

Fleurette pushed him away gently, smiling with unfathomable eyes Stationing herself near the python's head, she lifted the flageolet to her lips. A weird, plaintive melody fell upon the tense air. As she played, she swayed her body to and fro gently, rhythmically.

Goliath raised his head, startled. Slowly he began to sway to the rhythm of the music. The crowd held its breath. His bald-lidded, snaky eyes half closed in sensuous enjoyment. Suddenly those nearest him fell back in quick panic. For with sinister swiftness the python loosed himself from the tottering figure of Mayme Spanelli, and encircled the swaying body of Fleurette!

With sinister swiftness the python loosed himself from the tottering figure of Mayme Spanelli, and encircled the swaying body of Fleurette!

The crowd caught its breath again with a gasp. Zekeldi hid his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

"For Heaven's sake take it into the cage!" cried someone hoarsely.

Denis Hagan stared at Fleurette, his whole soul writhing in his eyes. He knew, with Zekeldi, that she had no real power over the python. In his mind's eye he saw her slim yellow body crushed like a flower in those relentless folds. Mayme's danger had brought horror; Fleurette's brought agony. In that moment he learnt the difference between passion and love.

If Fleurette felt fear, she showed none. She motioned for the glass cage to be brought nearer. Without haste, and still playing the flageolet, she clutched the bars with her right hand, and dragged over the threshold the monster who, relaxed by the music, was coiled but loosely about her knees and waist.

But, that done, and the crowd safe, her courage vanished suddenly like a gust of wind. Pure feminine terror blanched her cheeks; her head fell forward limply, and the flageolet dropped unheeded from her lips.

The python, surprised that the music should cease, darted his tongue viciously and reared his great head. A second gasp went up from the crowd.

With a cry, Denis Hagan flung himself into the cage.

Then, inexplicably, absurdly almost—so fantastic is Fate in her dealings—the terrible serpent, as inconsequential as a child tired of a toy, and pleased, perhaps, to be back in his accustomed haunt, loosed himself gently from Fleurette's body. Swaying his head humorously from side to side, as if in mockery of the crowd, he settled himself gracefully in a corner of his cage.

With a hoarse prayer, Denis caught the girl to him and rushed from their strange prison, barring behind them the heavy door.

In the stuffy dressing-tent Mayme Spanelli lay on a vaulter's mattress, shaken and weak. A new look brooded in her eyes. The waters of death had rushed over her like

a holy fount, and their strange, pure blessing lingered. Fleurette, when Zekeldi begged her to lie down in the tent, caught at his sleeve appealingly.

"Take me out. I want to get out—under the stars," she said.

Denis Hagan, not trusting his voice, came forward silently and supported her on one side. Her cool heroism had stirred him to wordless depths, and he, too, felt the need to get away from the excited, chattering crowd that buzzed about Mayme.

The old man and the young walked beside Fleurette as far as possible from the tent's glare to the end of the vacant space, and sat down upon a bit of sweet, untrampled grass, a relic perhaps of green fields and happier days.

"Little Blossom, ye're safe, little Blossom!" crooned the old clown through his tears. "Thank God ye're safe!"

Fleurette leant against his shoulder and patted his cheek lovingly.

"Goliath wouldn't hurt me, Neddie!" she comforted him. "He'd never have hurt me!"

She took no notice of the great figure huddled near her in the shadows.

Presently Zekeldi had an inspiration. Quietly disengaging himself from Fleurette's embrace, he murmured something, and made his way back to the tents with his queer, clown-like shuffle, leaving the two alone.

The girl sat inert, lifeless. The thought came to her curiously, as from afar off, that here, waiting humbly at her feet, was Denis Hagan. The fact did not seem to be very real, nor greatly to matter.

Denis was not so indifferent. He still felt the sweetness of her in his arms, but he sat uncertain, hesitant. He knew that his flimsy passion for Mayme was gone, as dead as though it had never been. Yet would Fleurette believe that? He moved nearer, awkwardly, in the starry dusk.

"Blossom——" He touched the tinselled edge of her tarletan skirt appealingly, reverently. "Blossom——"

She sat so still that he mistook her apathy for acquiescence. He caught her roughly in his arms and covered her face, her eyes, her hair with passionate kisses.

She struggled to her feet, beating her two little hands fiercely against his breast. When he had freed her she leant heavily against the homely, comforting boards of the fence, her bosom heaving.

Denis did not offer to touch her again. But he said in a pleading voice that held her as his hands did not dare:

"I love you square, Blossom! Honest I do. That other—oh, I'm sorry, girl! It's done with now, anyway. Forgive me, Blossom! I swear that other was just foolishness!"

Fleurette listened to the man she loved sadly, almost pityingly. Her golden hair was shimmery pale in the starlight, her voice was tremulous with unshed tears.

"I'm sorry, Denis," she said gently, "but I don't seem to care for your love any more. It don't seem—as fresh as it once was."

She turned back alone towards the tents.

Denis did not follow. He felt too keenly the justice of her words. With a white face and tense lips he dropped again upon the ground beside the friendly fence.

But Fleurette did not go straight to the tents. She hesitated once, as if listening. Then—she looked back. Oh, alas, alas for the daughters of Lot's wife! She gave a little cry and her twinkling feet ran back to him faster than she had ever left him. Forgetting her pride, remembering only the hopeless droop of those two broad shoulders, she flung her white arms about them and buried her goldly-red head in her lover's dark hair.

Dumb with wonder and joy, Denis Hagan crushed the two little hands against his throbbing throat.

"PENNY, PLEASE!"

By Violet M. Methley.

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears."

"I SWEAR I'll never ask you for anything again, if it was to save my life!"

Ralph Selman spoke between his teeth in the manner beloved of novelists. It is effective, but rather inarticulate.

Dollie Weston only laughed.

"Oh, please don't try to be tragic!" she said. "It doesn't suit you a bit; besides, it's nonsense. You'll be sorry in half-an-hour, and ready to ask me for anything."

"And I hope you'll find Captain Davis a good substitute."

"There's no need to insult me!" The girl was crimson with anger. "Don't you think you'd better go—until you can behave properly?"

"That'll be never——"

"Then it's just as well that I'm leaving Balmer to-morrow morning."

"You wouldn't see me again, anyhow."

"I wish I could believe it!"

"And I wish—I wish I'd never seen you——!"

With which particularly gross falsehood on his lips, Selman strode away along the beach, leaving his equally unveracious companion to the tears which presumably testified to her joy at the young man's abrupt departure.

As for Selman, he cursed aloud as he walked, to the horror of the seagulls, who screamed and wheeled over the rim of the advancing tide.

The worst of it was, they were both in the right and both in the wrong. Dollie might just as well have explained that she did not care a pin's head for Captain Davis. Selman might just as well have told her that military reasons had made him unavoidably late for his appointment. But both had been in very bad tempers, and neither had done the things that they ought to have done—hence this full-fledged quarrel.

"Just because he's a Regular, and I'm a Territorial; just because he's going to the Front next week—confound him!—and they're not sending us out at present . . ." So Selman's thoughts ran. "Oh, all women are alike! I was a fool to trust any one of 'em, but I've learnt a lesson. Never again!"

The young man had tramped for a full mile along the lonely beach before he came to a standstill, kicking at the damp sand with his boot-heels. The sea looked very enticing this morning; they had meant to have a swim, and his costume was crammed into his pocket. Why should he lose his swim because once more a woman had proved herself false?

Such a reasonable sentiment demanded equivalent action. Sitting down upon the level, russet sand, behind a convenient rock, Selman proceeded to unwind his puttees.

The little cove was a silent sun-trap, where it seemed that nothing human could have ventured for centuries. Yet within three-quarters of a mile on the one side was a fashionable little watering-place, and scarcely a mile away in the other direction the symbol of civilisation at its highest was reared upon a scarp of cliff.

Selman could see the four tall masts of the wireless station, could just catch a glimpse of the sentries who represented that need of vigilance which had become so real and tangible a thing since a certain August day of 1914.

He picked his way down the shingle, and ran lightly over the level stretch of sand into the sea. Presently, swimming steadily and strongly, he struck out for a rock which

jutted up, black and toothlike, some way out to sea. And as he did so, a broad-shouldered man, dressed, like himself, in swimming costume, emerged from the half-hidden mouth of a cave, thirty feet up the cliff, and swung himself down to the beach.

Selman clambered on to the rock, and sat hugging his wet knees, basking in the sun and reflecting, with a luxury of self-pity, upon the extreme cruelty of Dollie's behaviour. He stared seaward at a trail of smoke, scrawled over the sky by a passing steamer; then he stared shoreward, and suddenly started to his feet.

From behind the rock which sheltered his clothes he caught a glimpse of something which moved—the upraised arms of a man as he dragged a shirt over his head.

It did not take long to realise the possibilities of the situation. A thief, undoubtedly; and besides a perfectly new uniform, there were three pounds ten in his pockets, a silver cigarette-case, an expensive radium-faced watch, and a photograph of Dollie (but, of course, that was of no importance—now).

In less than half-a-minute Selman had dived and was well on his shoreward way, puffing like a furious porpoise as he forged through the water. This was a bit too much! He swam with such violence that he grazed his knees badly on the shingle before scrambling to his feet.

The rock still sheltered the thief from him, as he ran up the beach, swiftly and noiselessly, but within half-a-dozen yards he stopped short. A sudden exclamation of annoyance broke the stillness—a guttural oath rapped out in an unmistakable foreign language—and the language was obviously German.

Selman did not hesitate for an instant. He slipped round the rock and found himself behind the man, who sat there upon the sand, absorbed in the manipulation of the puttees, whose vagaries had provoked that heart-felt oath.

In all other respects he was fully attired in the khaki uniform, from Service cap to brown boots. The tunic was very tightly stretched over a bulging back and shoulders; otherwise, only a red neck and a portion of close-cropped head were visible.

Another vehement Teutonic oath cleft the silence as Selman flung himself upon the thief; then the man recollected himself, and spoke in as good English as his captor's strangling grip on his neck would permit.

"What is the meaning of this? How dare you attack me?"

"How dare you take my uniform, you confounded spy?" Selman gasped, and the other apparently found the question difficult to answer, for, without further protest, he addressed himself sternly to business.

He was easily the Englishman's superior in weight and strength, and Selman, moreover, was somewhat tired with swimming. Together the two struggled upon the sand, wrenching and twisting, striving for an advantage.

The German freed his right arm, and got in a heavy blow on the side of Selman's head which turned the boy sick and dizzy. His eyebrow was cut, too; he could feel the blood trickling down his cheek. But if he let go, the confounded fellow would get away, and the confounded fellow evidently meant mischief—probably up at the wireless station.

Then, quite suddenly, accident helped the weaker man. He was wrestling blindly, desperately, a mist before his eyes, a buzzing in his ears. The German had wrenched his left shoulder round, the pain was turning Selman sick, when his opponent stumbled, loosed his hold, and went staggering backwards with a resonant oath, and Selman on top of him.

It was, perhaps, some five minutes before the younger man collected his wits sufficiently to struggle off the inert body of his foe, and kneel upright upon the sand. The German lay on his back, with closed eyes and open mouth, his pasty face of a greenish pallor.

He stirred slightly, and reminded Selman of the need for immediate and strenuous action. If the brute recovered himself—well, there would not be much chance for his exhausted opponent.

Glancing round quickly for some means of tying up the insensible man, Selman saw what retribution had fallen upon his victim. The puttee which he had been manipulating so unskilfully, twisted and trailing about his foot, had evidently caused his downfall; moreover, it was exactly what Selman needed.

In another five minutes the German recovered consciousness, only to find himself neatly trussed and bandaged, tied hand and foot with the puttees, strengthened with Selman's belt and straps. The prisoner cursed with excessive volubility, and thereby provided further conclusive proofs of his nationality.

"It's no good talking, you know." Selman squatted in the sand and surveyed his work

Another vehement Teutonic oath cleft the silence as Selman flung himself upon the thief. . . . "How dare you take my uniform, you confounded spy?"

triumphantly. "Not a bit of good. You're caught—fairly caught. And now I'm going to roll you well in behind this rock—so!—and then fetch the police."

The young man rose rather shakily to his feet, and glanced round instinctively for his garments. Then and then only did he realise fully that they adorned the person of his furious prisoner, and that, for the time being, they were wholly irretrievable. It had been bother enough to get the brute tied up; to free him again was utterly out of the question.

But the alternative for Selman was a walk of three-quarters of a mile and a triumphant entry into a fashionable watering-place attired in a remarkably scanty swimming-suit.

As for the wireless station, perched on its cliff, beyond a waste of shingle and barnacled rocks, it was quite inaccessible to a barefooted man.

"I wonder where your clothes are, you swine." Selman surveyed his prisoner meditatively. "Hidden somewhere, I suppose, for fear they'd give you away. But, of course, it's no use asking you . . ."

Obviously, it was not. The German muttered something unintelligible between his teeth, but his expression spoke volumes of vindictiveness. He wriggled furiously, and Selman bent to tighten the straps before setting off along the sandy path which led into Balmer.

When he began to walk, the young man realised that he felt horribly sick and dazed almost to the point of stupidity, with a grinding, throbbing headache. His shoulder, too, was growing stiff and uncommonly painful.

Selman, plodding along almost blindly, scarcely realised that he had reached the end of the Esplanade, when he ran full into the arms of a demure maiden lady.

She gave a little scream of scandalised dismay at sight of the unclothed and still dripping apparition, then turned and scuttled away at full speed, only increasing her pace at the sound of Selman's agonised protests. And the same thing, with variations, happened a few moments later when he encountered a bunch of giggling flappers; evidently his appearance was against him.

Homewards from the beach, responsive to the call of lunch, went a trickle of old ladies and babies, nursemaids and school-girls, with not a man to be seen amongst them. Suddenly an overwhelming and agonising shyness

seized upon Selman. He could not mix with that crowd in his present state of undress; he could not walk up the tarred path to the front-door of one of the demure boarding-houses which here fringed the Esplanade; he could not boldly demand decent clothing, or the use of their telephone.

Ah, but that was an idea! Of course, there was a box call-office halfway along the Esplanade; why had he not thought of that before? He would ring up the police-station from there, give them his information, and, if necessary, wait in the box until they came to his rescue.

Selman felt like a masculine Lady Godiva as he proceeded along the Esplanade towards that far-distant box. Not a soul was in sight, yet he was conscious of an infinity of Peeping Toms. At last he reached the haven of refuge, pulled to the door behind him with an immense sigh of relief, and snatched at the scarlet-covered directory.

He turned the leaves quickly, feverishly. Police-station—there it was, 3027—3027.

Selman took down the receiver and demanded the number strenuously. He had repeated it three times before his dazed brain realised that something was wrong, and grasped the full meaning of the reiterated words which rang in his ears.

"Penny, please—penny, please—penny, please!"

Of course, he ought to have remembered; of course, he had not done so. This was a penny-in-the-slot affair, and one does not carry money in one's swimming-suit.

Vainly Selman tried to explain matters to the impersonal oracle at the other end of the wire.

"Look here, I haven't *got* a penny, really, I haven't. Can't you put it down to my account, or *lend* it to me? I'll pay you back. I'll pay anything you like afterwards, if you'll only put me on to the police-station now, 3027——"

Punctuating all his pitiful appeals came that persistent iteration:

"Penny, please—penny, please—penny, please!"

Then, at last, after three or four minutes of fruitless protest, the grim ultimatum:

"I must cut you off."

The rest was silence.

Mechanically, Selman hung up the receiver, and stood staring in front of him, with haggard, desperate eyes.

Each moment he grew more and more sick and dizzy; the effort to reach the telephone-box had been almost too much for him, and he was possessed by a queer feeling of unreality. Outside, the sun blazed down upon the silent, empty Esplanade; it looked like a place seen in a nightmare, as inhuman and unfriendly.

And then suddenly, as Selman hesitated in the doorway, the sense of unreality passed; he felt himself blushing hot and crimson once more.

A single figure was advancing towards him along the smooth asphalt, the figure of a girl attired in pale blue and mauve—the figure of Dollie Weston.

Selman drew back quickly, closed the door upon himself, and stood backed against it. She would pass; she *must* pass. He heard the light tap-tap of her footfalls drawing nearer—passing—growing fainter.

Then, in an instant, a fresh thought beat clamorously at the door of his aching brain. He must not let her pass. There was no one else in sight, and the need for speed was urgent. This sick dizziness was gaining upon him; perhaps he would faint or something before he could get help. And, after all, it was only to ask her for a penny.

To do Selman justice, he did not hesitate. Flinging open the door, he gave one desperate glance to right and left, satisfied himself that no one else was in sight, then stumbled after her, calling hoarsely:

"Dollie! Dollie!"

The girl turned swiftly, stood slim and dainty, staring with wide brown eyes at the extraordinary apparition.

As for Selman, he did not realise what a spectacle he presented, with dust and sand, grime and blood plastering his bare arms and legs and damp bathing-suit. His hair hung lankly over his eyes, a reddish-purple bruise disfigured one cheek and temple, his right shoulder was swollen and terribly discoloured.

Small wonder, being what he was, that Dollie Weston stared; small wonder, being what she was, that she sprang forward with a little cry of dismay.

"Ralph! What's the matter?"

Selman tried to look dignified and unconcerned, and failed egregiously; also he tried to smile, but, happily, did not quite realise the effect of that effort. It was a bit difficult to speak, but somehow he managed it.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you. I must apologise. But I only want—will you lend me a penny, please?"

"A penny——?"

Dollie was honestly amazed.

"Yes. I haven't got any money on me,

you see, and I must have a penny—please."

With fingers that were not quite steady, Dollie managed to extract a penny from her purse. But Selman did not wait to take it; he turned and stumbled back towards the telephone-box, followed by the girl.

"It's the police-station I want," he told himself half aloud. "The police-station—3027."

The penny somehow found its way into the slit; a voice repeated the number down the mouthpiece; Selman always wondered if it was his or not.

Close beside him Dollie stood, framed in the open door of the box, but he must try not to think of her at present.

Close beside him Dollie stood, framed in the open door of the box. . . . . "Is that the police-station?" His voice sounded more natural now.

"Is that the police-station?" His voice sounded more natural now. "Yes. I'm Captain Selman of the 5th Glosbys. Yes. Will you send a couple of men to Caston Cove at once? There's a German spy there; I've tied him up. Yes, a *German!* Be quick, be quick——"

The receiver fell from his hand; suddenly he grew so dizzy that it was quite impossible to stand up any longer.

Curiously enough, Dollie was still there when the sickness and faintness had gone off a bit; more curious still, he was lying on his back, half in, half out of the telephone-box, with his head in her lap.

"Don't move," she said. "I've telephoned for a taxi and a doctor; they'll be here in a minute, but you mustn't move, dear."

Yes, she said it undoubtedly; Selman was quite clear on that point, although something else was bothering him more than a little.

"I—I said I'd never ask you for anything again," he muttered weakly. "But I did—did——"

"Yes, you asked for a penny, please." Dollie was trying to laugh and trying not to cry, and succeeding very badly in both respects. "And I'll give you that, Ralph, or—or anything else you want."

My LADY BEAUTIFUL

THE CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

By Mary Marsh.

A naturally beautiful complexion is not given to everyone, but by the exercise of a little care and patience every woman so minded can attain one. In the following article a well-known beauty expert describes the various remedies by which success may be assured.

"During the past few years so much knowledge has been imparted concerning the care and preservation of the complexion that there is now little or no excuse for any woman to be disfigured by a muddy, sallow, or unhealthy looking skin," said the Beauty Specialist as he resumed his lectures. At the girl's special request he was devoting an hour to teaching her how to improve a bad complexion."

"Oh, cut the beginning," said the novice, "and tell me what is the *real* secret of success?"

"The secret of success is care," was the reply. "In nearly every instance a bad complexion can be traced to the direct result of neglect upon the part of its owner, who never takes the slightest trouble to protect her skin against the ravages of rough winds or scorching sun, and who is apt to regard the simple precaution of careful veiling as affectation, instead of recognising it as one of the best and surest methods of preserving the natural delicacies of the complexion."

"You needn't rub it in," said the girl. "After all, would *you* like to wrap yourself up like a mummy in veils whenever you went out? I thought you were going to be nice and tell me of a lotion I could just dab on and be beautiful for ever!"

"Haven't I told you over and over again that soft rain-water and pure, unscented soap are far and away the most efficacious beauty lotion that has ever been discovered? Indeed, a practice should be made of washing one's face in nothing but soft rain-water and of using it lavishly on all occasions, for even if the face is washed only occasionally in hard water the natural smoothness and elasticity of the skin will soon disappear."

"Yes, but surely you know of something that will help towards the desired end?"

"To rub slices of raw potatoes cut very thin gently over the face at night before retiring to bed is a simple yet excellent way of preserving a smooth and beautiful skin," said the Specialist, "and one that I can safely recommend to a novice like you.

"After the slices of potato have been used, the face should be rubbed very lightly with half a lemon, the juice being left on until it has dried of its own accord. Then rub the skin once more with the slices of potato and

leave it undisturbed until the morning, when the face should be very gently washed in luke-warm rain-water devoid of soap, the water being applied by means of a medium-sized Turkish sponge."

"I can't say your cure sounds very tempting; personally, I think the potatoes extremely messy," protested the girl. "You couldn't suggest something else, I suppose?"

"Well, fresh buttermilk is another natural beautifier that works wonders in making a rough complexion smooth and fresh-looking. If this is used every other day for bathing the face, it will not only insure a velvety smoothness and softness to the skin, but it will also help to keep it young and elastic and so defy the ravages of old age. The buttermilk should be dabbed on lightly with pieces of lint, and should be used night and morning."

"Do you think that would be good when one had been motor-cycling in an east wind?" queried the girl, as though it were a usual occurrence for her.

"Complexions that have become parched and reddened from the east wind, or from any sudden change in the temperature, should be treated every night by an application of pure cold cream or some really good astringent skin food. This must be worked in very gently and slowly, using the tips of the fingers to describe a short, rotary movement, finishing up with a few brisk upward movements of the hand directed from the chin to the eyes.

"Next wipe off the top layer of cream with a soft towel, leaving the remainder to work into the skin during the hours of sleep. You must, however, exercise the greatest care and restraint as to the *amount* of cream or skin food used, the ordinary amateur being far too prone to use three or four times as much as is necessary, thereby making the skin sodden, and producing a yellow, dead appearance, or else a shiny, greasy look, which is anything but becoming."

"You may be sure I'll over-do it in my eagerness; I'm always so impatient," moaned the girl.

"Well, when this happens, the best thing to effect a cure is to make a very fine paste of oatmeal and rose-water, which should be well rubbed into the skin, and when dry dusted off with a fine lawn handkerchief," the Specialist said with a smile—he hadn't been the novice's instructor for nothing. He knew that impatience of old; he could almost see that greasy skin. It would have to be cured somehow, so he continued:

"A greasy skin, as well as such blemishes as pimples, can easily be remedied by the simple expedient of steaming the face.

"If you are going to steam your face the best way to set about it is partly to fill a small washing basin with boiling water and hold the face over it, covering both the head and the basin completely with a large Turkish towel thick enough to prevent the steam from escaping. Hold your face in this position as long as possible, and when the pores of the skin are thoroughly open—which they should be after about a quarter-of-an-hour or so—

Slices of raw potatoes cut very thin and rubbed gently over the face before going to bed, will do wonders in preserving the skin.

lather your face very freely with some pure jellied soap, which is best applied, as I told you once before, by dipping a soft-haired shaving brush into warm water, and afterwards into the soap.

"With this rub the skin lightly until the entire face is covered with a lather. Leave the soap on for a few minutes, then wash it off, using plenty of soft, distilled, tepid water for the operation. Afterwards dab the face with a pad of lint soaked in eau-de-Cologne, which helps to close the pores up again, and," he added, knowing his pupil's ways, "after steaming the face in this manner, *do* remember it is advisable to remain indoors for an hour or so."

"But I thought steaming only cured blackheads," said the girl.

"Blackheads may be cured in the same way, for, disfiguring as these blemishes are, they are merely deposits of matter which have worked in under the skin, giving a speckled appearance to the complexion. These can easily be got rid of, and need never make a reappearance if particular care is daily devoted to washing round the nostrils, the mouth or forehead, or wherever these disfiguring spots are to be found.

"In cases that are very obstinate it is a good plan to steam the blackheads daily before washing. To do this, wring a fine Turkish sponge out in boiling water, and hold over the affected part for a minute or two. Repeat the process once or twice, then soap and rinse thoroughly, and they will soon disappear. After doing this always close the pores with eau-de-Cologne."

"And freckles?" sighed the girl. "Of course, freckles are hopeless; I hardly think even you can cure them."

"Freckles are blemishes which can easily be got rid of. For the most part they attack women and children with particularly white and clear skins," said her adviser; then fearing this might be construed into a compliment, he added hastily: "But they are the greatest eyesore and disfigurement, as they impart a particularly common appearance."

"Oh, don't mind me," said the girl, "Only tell me how to prevent them coming."

"The best preventative is to powder the face freely before going out into the sun. The most satisfactory cure is the daily use of a lotion composed of the juice of a lemon, an ounce of pure malt vinegar, an ounce of rectified spirits of wine, ten drops of oil of cedar, ten drops of oil of lavender, and some rose-water. This lotion should be mixed by blending the lemon juice and the vinegar together, and dissolving the oil of lavender and the oil of cedar in the spirits of wine. Add this to the lemon and vinegar, and put all into an eight-ounce bottle; then fill up with rose-water.

"Another excellent lotion guaranteed to cure the most obstinate cases of freckles consists of mixing together one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter-of-a-drachm of powdered borax and half-a-drachm of sugar. This should stand for at least three days before using, the mixture being applied very freely and frequently to the freckles by means of a freshly made pad of cotton wool."

"I'll try that to-night," said the novice, making a note. "I suppose the same lotion will also cure sunburn?"

"The best cure for sunburn consists of laying thin slices of cucumber upon the affected parts, changing them every ten minutes or so. This treatment will be found to be very soothing, as the coolness of the cucumber helps to alleviate the painful burning sensation that so often characterises severe cases of sunburn.

"A simple but excellent lotion, which will be found to be extremely useful as a preventative as well as a cure, is made by mixing together two drachms of borax, one drachm of

Steaming the face is a splendid remedy for a greasy complexion, and will make short work of pimples and other blemishes

Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half-an-ounce of sugar candy, and one pound of ox gall. This mixture must be stirred until it clears, and then strained through a strip of fine muslin, after which it should be bottled and placed in a cool cupboard ready for use."

"Now do you really think that would be any good for any one who looks like a Red Indian by the end of a summer holiday?" queried the girl.

"In cases where sunburn has completely tanned the skin, an excellent bleach, which I can thoroughly recommend, is made of three ounces of lactic acid, one ounce of rose-water, and two ounces of pure glycerine, which should be well shaken together, and then very carefully applied to the skin.

"Care must, however, be taken to use this lotion very sparingly, and only in extreme cases, as one of its chief recommendations is that in time it completely removes the outer skin, leaving the cuticle exposed to view. Another remedy for a complexion that has become roughened and reddened by exposure to too much wind is the following treatment prescribed by a friend of mine, a well-known beauty doctor, who has often used it with excellent results.

"Lather the face well in hot rain-water, to which has been added a spoonful of jellied soap. Rinse well in distilled water just hot enough to bear one's hand in comfortably, and which has been treated with a few drops of benzoin. While still wet, powder the face with fine oatmeal and let this remain on for five or ten minutes. Afterwards rinse thoroughly, using warm, distilled water, and then dry the face with a soft towel, which should only be dabbed lightly against the skin instead of being rubbed over the face in the ordinary way, a process apt to irritate the skin if at all inflamed or tender.

Sunburn can be cured by laying thin slices of cucumber on the skin. Its coolness is very soothing, and helps to alleviate the painful burning.

"The same authority also recommends the following treatment to women with sensitive skins, who suffer from facial inflammation or swelling after motor drives or railway journeys, or any exposure to sun or wind which makes the skin harsh and painful."

"Gracious!" put in the girl, "if I put water near my skin after a journey I should not know what to do with the pain."

"Well, next time, try smearing the face lightly with some good face cream. Half-an-hour later this should be wiped off with a silk handkerchief and the face *then* bathed in hot rain-water. After it has been dried, a cooling lotion, such as cucumber and milk should be dabbed on with a lint pad. Then go and lie down in a darkened room and close your eyes for ten minutes. When you get up, bathe your face with tepid water; dry gently, and dust over with fine face-powder, which later on can be removed with a silk handkerchief."

"I like your friend," said the girl. "I should say his methods were thorough, to say the very least. I suppose this finishes the lecture, doesn't it?"

"Finished?" said the Professor; "finished? When one hasn't even touched upon the all important question of wrinkles—blemishes that every woman must in time suffer from." He paused impressively.

"Before wrinkles can be cured, however," he said gravely, "the cause of them must be discovered. Fresh air, proper exercise, good food, healthy sleep and plenty of it, complete

absence of worry or strain of any kind, really constitute the best preventative and cure for this complaint. For it has been proved over and over again that one may go to the cleverest *masseuse* in existence, and have all the 'crow's-feet' ironed or charmed away, only to find that they all come back again and are plainly to be seen lining one's face with a fine net-work in less than a week."

"Thank goodness I'm young," said the girl, "but do go on," she added graciously. "I've got to grow old, I know, and the knowledge may be useful to me one day."

"The following cures, which have been tested and tried by several professional beauty specialists, have been found to yield good results, and may be safely recommended to the novice, who should however use them in conjunction with Nature's restoratives, which I referred to before. Sagging throats, the muscles of which are so often the first indication of a wrinkled appearance, can be improved by daily indulgence in a series of head exercises, such as bending the head forward and backward as far as possible and then turning it slowly and regularly upon the shoulders until one is able to see behind.

"Tapping the flesh and pinching it vigorously under the chin and along the cheeks and over the surface of the neck is much to be recommended. Certain skin foods which possess emollient properties are also extremely useful in helping to remove wrinkles, and if applied two or three times a week, they will be found to work wonders towards restoring the smooth, velvety softness which goes towards making a beautiful complexion.

"Good cold cream lightly smeared over the face at night is a preventative against wrinkles forming, but this should not be used more than once a week at the most.

"Another precaution of great importance is the use of a lather of jellied soap, applied by means of a brush, instead of using the regulation cake of soap rubbed on with the hands and then worked roughly on to the face—a process which in itself very often wrinkles and spoils the skin. In extreme cases a temporary improvement can often be obtained by applying a water compress to the face for five or ten minutes, afterwards rubbing the skin very gently, using the slightest touch of cold cream, and later applying a little fine face-powder."

At the mention of face-powder the girl sat up and began once more to be interested as the Professor droned on:

"Care that the latter is the correct colour to suit the user's complexion must be taken, however; for while natural coloured powder may suit one woman who would look all wrong if she used the dead white variety, another calls for pale pink powder or that of a soft tint of cream colour.

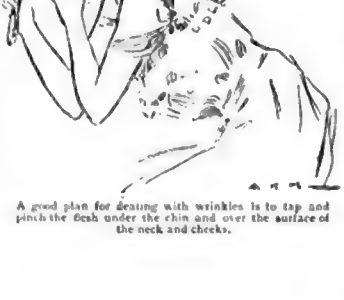
"The choice of face-powder is all-important to the achievement of a good complexion, as many fine skins are ruined every year by the indiscriminate use of cheap, highly scented powders, which poison and ruin the best complexion. Few of you women really realise the danger that lies in using a dirty powder-puff or pad, or those that are to be found in public dressing-rooms at hotels, restaurants, or clubs."

"Oh," yawned the girl, as she rose and looked longingly out into the sunny garden, "it's a long lecture to-day, isn't it?"

The professor took the hint.

"Briefly, to sum up," he said, "the best complexions are those which are thoroughly treated and carefully cleansed with lavish supplies of soft water and pure soap. Nothing is more injurious than to be always tinkering and touching up one's face, trying experiments with new creams and beauty lotions, which as often as not contain all manner of poisonous ingredients which do far more harm than good and——"

But the girl had disappeared out of the long French windows, and was already disporting herself with the dogs on the lawn.



A good plan for dealing with wrinkles is to tap and pinch the flesh under the chin and over the surface of the neck and cheeks.

The *Wilhelmina* Affair

An Episode in the Career of Peregrine Parr, Lieutenant-Commander, R.N., during the Great War of 1914-15.

By Henry MacDonald.

Lieutenant-Commander Peregrine Parr, R.N., in command of his Majesty's ocean-going destroyer *Dragonfly*, felt in rather a jubilant frame of mind. War had not actually been declared, but the country was on the verge of it, and, seizing time by the forelock, the authorities were going on unostentatiously with their schemes for rapid mobilisation.

Portsmouth Dockyard, where the *Dragonfly* had just spent a week in dry dock, buzzed like a beehive, and the dockyard "maties" were working night and day in getting the older battleships and cruisers ready for sea. The last supplies of stores, ammunition, and coal were being sent on board the ships with all possible dispatch. Gangs of bluejackets, dragging small hand-carts behind them filled with bags, hammocks, and chests, were going through the yard on the way to their respective vessels, while officers, wearing the orthodox frock-coats and swords, were hurrying to the Commander-in-Chief's office to report themselves or their ships ready for sea.

But the peculiar part of the whole thing was that everybody smiled, while the newspapers, absolutely loyal, stood firm in their announcements that the Admiralty were merely taking precautionary measures. So they were, but the precautionary measures consisted in putting the Navy on a war footing.

Parr had received his sailing orders the

night before, and had been ordered to leave Portsmouth so as to arrive at Harwich, where the remainder of his flotilla was stationed, at daylight the next morning. The distance was about 180 miles, and 5 p.m. saw the *Dragonfly* steaming down Portsmouth harbour on her way towards the sea.

An hour and-a half later she was off the Owers Lightship, and soon afterwards, having shaped course up Channel at fifteen knots, her skipper went down to the wardroom, where he found Thompson, the Engineer-Lieutenant, and Travers, the First-Lieutenant, reading the latest papers and speculating on the chances of war.

"Chief," said Parr, addressing the former, "I intend to go on at fifteen knots all through the night, but have steam in all boilers so that we can go on at full speed at a moment's notice at any time after dark."

Thompson laughed.

"I'd been expecting that, sir," he explained, "and as a matter of fact I forestalled your orders and lit up all the kettles half an-hour ago. I don't mind betting that if we have to go in in a hurry we shall get our contract thirty-two and a-half. I'll screw down the safety valves if there's going to be any doubt about it."

Parr grinned, for though his engineer officer really had no right to raise steam in more boilers without consulting him, he could forgive him in the circumstances.

"That's all right, Chief," he said affably. "Travers!"

"Sir!"

"Clear for action, and get the guns and torpedoes ready for firing. Have the warheads on, and have ammunition up for all the guns. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied the First-Lieutenant, delighted at the idea. "I suppose a dozen rounds of lyddite for each gun'll be enough?"

Parr nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Make it lyddite. Not that I think anything will happen to-night, of course," he added hastily, as he noticed the other two looking at each other, "but the Emperor Bill is just the sort of fellow to strike first and declare war afterwards. It may be he thinks that this is his 'selected moment.'"

"If he thinks that he'll have bitten off more than he can chew," Thompson grunted.

II.

By nine the same night Beachy Head Lighthouse was broad on the port beam; at one the next morning the twinkling lights of Dover showed up against the dim black blur of the high land, and soon afterwards the *Dragonfly* was close up to the East Goodwin lightship, altering course to the northward for her twenty-six-mile run to the Kentish Knock light-vessel.

It was a dark night with no moon, and though the destroyer bobbed and curtseyed to a suspicion of a swell coming down from the north-eastward, there was practically no wind. Everywhere the sea was glassily calm, and Parr, who, from long experience in command of destroyers, had become rather a good weather prophet, noticed these signs with a certain amount of anxiety.

"H'm!" he remarked to the Sub-Lieutenant, when the East Goodwin had been passed and the ship steadied on her course. "There'll be a fog before another three hours. D'you notice how oily the water is, and how hot and clammy it seems?"

Hargreaves nodded.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "But let's hope it'll stay clear long enough to get us into Harwich."

"It may," said Parr doubtfully, looking overhead and then at the horizon, "but I have my suspicions. At any rate, keep a good look out, and if you think it's coming over at all thick let me know at once."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The skipper glanced at the chart, left the bridge, and then went to the small charthouse, where he stretched himself out on the cushioned settee. It was his usual sleeping billet at sea, for, like most destroyer captains, he never undressed at night while his ship was under way, and five minutes later, lulled by the gentle pitching, he was fast asleep.

At about half-past-two he was wakened by someone tugging at his shoulder.

"Hullo! What is it?" he demanded sleepily, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Please sir," said the signalman of the watch, "the Sub-Loo'tenant says the Kentish Knock is nearly abeam, an' 'e thinks it's comin' over a bit thick."

Parr did not waste time in further conversation, but slipping out of his rug, left the charthouse and climbed the steep ladder leading to the bridge.

"By George!" he exclaimed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and glancing round the horizon. "You're quite right, Sub, it *is* getting foggy."

He went over to the chart table and busied himself with a pair of parallel rulers and dividers.

"I'm glad we've picked up the Knock," he said when he had finished his calculations. "It gives us our exact position, and if we alter course straight up for the Long Sand lightship, which is only eight-and-a-half miles further on, we're bound to sight her or hear her foghorn, however thick it is. Then we steer for the * Sunk, and then on for the * Cork until we make the entrance to Harwich."

He ran his rulers over the chart as he spoke.

"That's all right," he said, pencilling off the course. "Alter course to north fourteen east now, and look out you keep the sounding machine going every five minutes."

The weather thickened fast, and a quarter-of-an-hour later the eddying fog wreaths coming down from the north-westward had blotted out the horizon. In another five minutes it was barely possible to see more than half-a-mile, and Parr slowed his engines until the destroyer was travelling at ten knots.

By 3.15 the dawn was breaking, and the thickening pall gradually assumed a whitish, cotton-wool like appearance; a few minutes later, when the destroyer's reckoning put her within two-and-a-half miles of the Long Sand lightship, they heard the latter's foghorn, and soon afterwards the familiar red shape of the light vessel, with her name emblazoned on her sides in conspicuous white letters, slid slowly out of the mist.

III.

Five minutes afterwards the lightship was out of sight astern and the *Dragonfly* had shaped her course for the Sunk light vessel, about six miles further on. She was now proceeding across the channel which, as anybody who is familiar with the chart of the East coast will know, is usually traversed by ships going into Harwich and by those passing into the Thames estuary from the northward, but though the fog was still very thick Parr knew exactly where he was, and felt no anxiety from the navigational point of view.

The Sub, having kept the middle watch, had been relieved by Travers, the First-Lieutenant, and the latter was gazing out ahead through the wall of fog, when Parr suddenly noticed him cocking his head on one side as if he had heard something.

"What is it?" he asked at once.

"I could have sworn I heard a sort of very faint creaking noise," Travers answered, listening attentively. "It's stopped now, but if we don't talk I may catch it again."

Parr said no more, and taking up a megaphone held it up to his ear and pointed it in the direction in which his subordinate was listening. He kept it there for fully half-a-minute, and was just about to lower it, when he caught a faint, but quite distinct "*Cheep, cheep*" from somewhere in the fog right ahead.

"D'you hear it, sir?"

The Lieutenant-Commander nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "It sounds like a badly oiled block. Seems as if someone's lowering a boat."

Travers did not answer, but an instant later the sound was repeated, and this time it was more distinct and was followed by a shout and a loud splash.

"Keep your eyes skinned," the skipper murmured to the signalman. "She's pretty close, whatever she is, and we don't want to ram her."

He rang down "slow" to the engine-room as he spoke, and about thirty seconds later the dim shape of a vessel appeared in the mist dead ahead.

The destroyer sheered abruptly to starboard to avoid her, and, stopping the engines, Parr allowed his vessel to glide up until she was lying parallel to the stranger and about 100 yards distant. It could now be seen that the craft was a white, yacht-like vessel with a single yellow funnel and two tapering masts, with the name, *Wilhelmina*, in gold letters on her counter. She was lying stopped, rolling easily in the slight swell, while a knot of men in uniform, among whom could be distinguished a couple of officers, were clustered round the mainmast looking at the destroyer. On the mast itself was a short, hinged derrick with which they had evidently been working, for it was guyed out over the side as if something had just been lowered into the water.

Parr took up his megaphone. "*Wilhelmina*, ahoy!" he shouted. "Where are you bound?"

A tall, bearded man, clad in a dark blue, brass-buttoned overcoat and a gold-laced peaked cap, stepped out on to the end of the yacht's bridge. "Vat vas dat you say?" he queried.

"Where are you bound? What nationality are you?" Parr demanded.

The officer on the stranger's bridge waved an arm, a man detached himself from the group in the stern and went to the ensign staff, and presently the Dutch ensign, red,

* The Sunk and Cork lightships are twelve and three miles respectively to seaward of Harwich.

white, and blue horizontal, fluttered out in the gentle morning breeze.

But the foreigner showed no signs of answering the naval officer's challenge, so he repeated it again. "I want to know where you are from and where you are bound?"

The individual on the stranger's bridge was joined by another officer, who emerged from the charthouse, and Parr saw them holding a hurried conversation.

"Vat es eet you vant?" came back the query at last. "Vat you vant to know, hey?"

Parr, inclined to become annoyed, was about to give a peremptory reply, when Travers, who had been busy with a book at the chart table, suddenly caught hold of his senior by the arm. "I've looked up the name, sir," he ejaculated, "and there is no Dutch yacht *Wilhelmina* in this list of ours!"

"Let's have a look!" demanded the skipper—but it was only too true—the name did not figure among the list of Dutch owned yachts.

"Stay where you are!" he hailed. "I'm going to send an officer on board! Travers!" he added hastily, "stand by to lower the whaler and to go away and find out who that craft is; there's something peculiar about her which I don't like."

The Lieutenant sped off on his errand, while his commanding officer, with a vague suspicion in his mind, went to the bridge rail.

"Bates!" he said quietly to the gunlayer of the forecastle 4-inch gun, "load with lyddite and train your gun on that yacht's bridge!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the man delightedly, and before long, the lean muzzle of his weapon was twitching up and down following every movement of the stranger.

Those on board the yacht saw the gun being pointed at them and were evidently rather apprehensive, for an instant later the officer on the bridge raised his megaphone again.

"Hey, ze man-o'-war!" he hailed.

"Hullo?" went back the reply.

"Ve com' from Algiers an' Falmout' an' go to ze Homber to peek op our owner, Meester Van Zoren of Amsterdam!"

"All right, stay where you are. I'm sending a boat across," replied Parr, for his suspicions were now thoroughly aroused by the foreigner's hesitation in replying to his query, and from the fact that the yacht's name did not appear upon the register.

"Ja, I onterstan'!" came back. "Bot you mos' not com' on board. We haf two men wiz ze typhoid fever!"

"Stay where you are!" the naval officer rapped out impatiently.

By this time the whaler was nearing the yacht, and just as the bowman was laying in his oar, preparatory to getting hold with the boathook, Parr noticed a sudden movement on the part of the men on the *Wilhelmina's* bridge. A sailor dashed to her engine-room telegraph, there was a sharp "ting, ting" from her engine-room, and the troubled water in her wake showed that she was moving ahead.

"If you don't stop I'll fire into you!" Parr yelled. "Half-speed ahead! Follow her, cox'n!"

The foreigner merely shook his fist in derision, for it was quite obvious that he had been waiting until the destroyer's boat was well away from her ship in the hope that Parr would stop to pick her up before attempting to pursue him. But he had reckoned without his host, for, seizing the megaphone, Parr hailed his boat.

"Travers!" he shouted, knowing that they had a compass. "Steer north by west and pick up the Sunk. If I don't come back there make the best of your way into Harwich!"

A faint "Aye, aye!" came from the boat, whose crew were making valiant efforts to overtake the rapidly receding yacht. The bowman, indeed, had his boathook poised ready to hook on as she swept past, but as he stood up to nerve himself for the effort a man in the stern of the yacht levelled a revolver. There was a spit of flame and a puff of grey smoke, and the bluejacket collapsed in a crumpled heap. At the same moment the Dutch flag was replaced by the black crossed ensign of the German Navy.

"Full steam ahead!" Parr roared. "Bates, put a shot across her bows!"

The gun roared and the shell detonated in a mingled cloud of spray and yellow smoke about twenty feet ahead of the yacht's forefoot.

"Will you surrender?" Parr hailed.

"No. Ze Imperial Navy never surrenders," came back the reply.

Before long the two vessels were travelling parallel to each other at a good 20 knots and barely 100 yards apart, and Parr was still making up his mind what to do, for so far as he knew war had not been declared, and he could not sink his adversary outright, when a splutter of rifle and revolver fire

A crowd of bluejackets, black-faced stokers, and anybody else who cared to join in, surged over the yacht's low bulwarks . . . . armed with all manner of weapons—handspikes, short crowbars, anything heavy and deadly. [Page 496, col. 1.]

broke out from the group in the yacht's stern. The bullets, directed at the destroyer's bridge, came singing overhead like a swarm of angry hornets. One, hitting the glass front of the searchlight, sent little slivers of glass flying in all directions. Another whisked the cap from Parr's head. He felt a sudden twinge across his scalp as if it had been seared with a red-hot iron, and putting his hand to his forehead he brought it down with the fingers covered in blood.

"Bates!" he ordered again, going to the bridge rail, "fire a round slap at her bridge. Don't hit the hull!"

The gun muzzle lifted ever so slightly, but before the weapon could be fired, a shot from the yacht sent the trainer slithering to the deck with a bullet through his shoulder. Another man promptly took his place.

"Bang!" the 4-inch barked and the projectile drove home with an appalling, splintering crash, to detonate in a sheet of flame and a cloud of dun-coloured smoke. Riven fragments of the unfortunate vessel were flung sky high. A cloud of steam mingled with the gradually dispersing smoke, and when at last the *Wilhelmina* came into view again her bridge, funnel, and the greater portion of her midship superstructure had vanished. The projectile had done its work only too well, for every soul on the bridge had been swept into eternity by the awful blasting effect of the terrible lyddite. All that remained were a few twisted girders and plates, and one or two blackened timbers through which the hungry tongues of flame were already licking.

The yacht, though in no danger of sinking, lay like a helpless thing on the water, for her engines had stopped when the shell hit her. Parr promptly eased his own turbines and closed in towards her, and then hailed the group of men who still clustered in her stern.

The answer came promptly enough in the shape of another fusillade which wounded two more men on the *Dragonfly's* deck, but Parr, realising he could not use his guns again without sinking her, had taken the precaution of arming a dozen men with rifles and revolvers. These, lying prone on the deck, were soon returning the enemy's fire, while the Lieutenant-Commander, by working his propellers to turn his ship round on her heel, brought her close alongside the *Wilhelmina*.

Then, with a roar of anger, a crowd of bluejackets, black-faced stokers, and anybody else who cared to join in, surged over the yacht's low bulwarks in a human avalanche. They were armed with all manner of weapons —handspikes, short crowbars, anything heavy and deadly—and nothing could withstand their rush. There was a feeble splutter of rifles and revolvers, a cutlass or two rose and fell, and the enemy, driven back against the opposite bulwarks, surrendered unconditionally. There had been ten of them left alive before the affair started, but six, including two officers, now lay stark on the deck.

Parr had no thought for his prisoners. He was looking at three black painted, pear-shaped objects, each about four feet in diameter, lying on the yacht's deck all ready for being hoisted overboard with the derrick. He gazed at the open hatch near the main-mast, and one glance was sufficient to tell him that the *Wilhelmina* was no yacht . . . she was a mine-layer!

Her outward appearance of a pleasure vessel had evidently been retained purposely to disarm suspicion, and the simplicity and effectiveness of the idea was obvious. What could be more natural than for a foreign yacht to be cruising in British waters in summer-time? But what, at the same time, could be more deadly than a line of mines laid before war was declared, in a well-known thoroughfare usually crowded with shipping?

Parr gasped at his own stupendous luck, for at first he had only hailed the *Wilhelmina* out of pure curiosity. Now he, of all people, had fired the first shot in the war which was bound to come, and had captured a hostile mine-layer. It was almost too good to be true.

The yacht had only been damaged above the waterline, and was in no danger of sinking, and when the prisoners had been transferred and the wounded attended to, preparations were made for taking her in tow.

IV.

Three hours later the *Dragonfly*, having picked up her whaler, was steaming up Harwich harbour with the yacht in tow astern. A brand new White Ensign fluttered at the latter's ensign staff over the enemy's flag, and the advent of the two ships caused no little excitement among the crews of the men-of-war lying at their buoys in the river. But Parr held on unconcernedly until he was close alongside the light cruiser which carried the officers commanding his flotilla, and then his semaphore began to talk.

"Would submit," it said tersely, while the cruiser's signalmen gasped in surprise and

envy, "that I have captured a hostile mine-layer. Request instructions."

"Anchor where you are," came back the reply, "and come on board at once."

Ten minutes later Parr was in his senior officer's cabin on board the *Dauntless*, telling his story.

"Good Heavens, Parr!" the latter demanded anxiously when the tale had been told, "d'you realise that war hasn't even been declared?"

"I do, sir," answered the Lieutenant-Commander calmly, "and though I can't swear I saw her laying mines, she's fitted as a mine-layer—she's got two or three on deck at the present moment—and she fired on me first, or rather at my whaler."

"And some of your men were wounded, you say," the captain went on. "I see you've got a smack across the head yourself."

"Oh, that's nothing sir," laughed the other, feeling the dried blood on his scalp. "It's given me a bit of a headache, but it's only a scratch."

"You'd better see the doctor, though," advised the senior officer.

"Yes, I will, sir, so long as he promises not to put me on the sick list. I'm not going to lie up now for anyone—things will be humming shortly."

"I expect they will," agreed the captain with a rather grim smile. "I shall send a wireless signal through at once reporting your affair, and heaven help you if you've been bombarding a peaceful foreigner."

Parr grinned.

"There wasn't much peace about her, sir," he remarked light-heartedly, "and if they care to look for mines to the northward of the Long Sand lightship they'll probably find 'em as thick as peas."

"I hope they do," observed his senior officer, pursing his lips.

They did. Parr's luck had not deserted him.

NINETEEN IN THE SHADE.

'Tis pleasant enough to meander
Alone on the pier or parade;
But pleasanter far to philander,
While your favourite ragtime is played,
Away from the babel
And babble with Mabel,
Who's only nineteen, in the shade.

Thermometers, records aspiring
To break, may upon the up grade
Continue till some are requiring
The treatment described as "first aid";
Yet coolly I'm able
To linger with Mabel
(Who *says* she's nineteen) in the shade.

Though some of her sex (who have reason
Of her charms to be sorely afraid)
Declare 'tis her eighth or ninth season,
And vow she's beginning to fade,
If true or a fable
I care not, if Mabel
Looks only nineteen in the shade.

Ada Leonora Harris.

"Bless Their Hearts!"

Methods of Amusing the Children Illustrated by Leading Humorous Artists.

By Lesbia Robinson.

"A Rear Attack."—Mr. Reg. Smith's warning against shaving in front of one's offspring.

Short of coaling a battleship or digging trenches there is no task so utterly wearing and nerve-shattering as amusing an able-bodied infant. A few people are divinely gifted in this direction, and will keep a baby going for hours without apparent exertion, but the average citizen's laboured efforts are usually akin to those of a cart-horse trying to emulate the tricks of a circus animal. Moreover, the infant invariably sees through these spurious attempts and rejects them with loud-voiced scorn.

There are adults, quite sane and reasonable beings, who really delight in amusing the baby because it gives them an excuse for behaving with that idiocy which is the wine of life to some people. Strange though it may seem, they actually enjoy crawling about on all-fours and growling in base imitation of savage animals, and will gladly distort their bodies and brandish their arms and legs until they look like a battalion of lunatics doing Swedish drill.

Sometimes they amuse the baby, sometimes they do not, but they always amuse themselves, and frequently get to such a pitch that the baby is forgotten until he signifies his presence in the usual manner. For even the most amiable infant resents the appropriation of his Teddy Bears and white rabbits by his elders, when they should be devoting themselves to his service.

The most generally recognised form of entertaining small children is to prance round the room on all-fours with a

Sometimes the parents amuse themselves more than they do the baby, as in the case depicted by Mr. Cottington Taylor.

The form of entertainment suggested by Mr. Thomas Henry is always popular, but no one of apoplectic tendencies should attempt it.

nearthrug on one's back, emitting raucous sounds at frequent intervals. If there is a small boy in the family he will give variety to the affair by bestriding your back and beating a lively tattoo on your shins with his feet. There will be numerous falls, always into a fender or some other inauspicious spot, and while you are rendering first-aid the baby may safely be trusted to swallow the button-hook or bang his bald head against the table. For all these accidents you will be held responsible, so that it is as well to ponder before volunteering to act as nursery entertainer.

Uncle Joseph was a soldier, scarred and hardened by many battles, and to him it seemed the simplest thing in the world to volunteer to take charge of a small niece and nephew one hot afternoon. Unhappily the heat had no soothing effect on the children, who insisted on the portly Colonel representing the German Army besieged in the summer house, while they, draped in Union Jacks, assaulted the position with stones, and lumps of coal looted from the kitchen scuttle.

Finding all efforts to dislodge him useless, they finally dragged out the hose and turned a generous stream of water on to his perspiring form. This brought matters to a climax. The Colonel, armed with a garden broom, charged the shrieking children, and ran them to earth in the scullery where they had taken refuge under the sink. The servant being out and the old soldier unacquainted with the geography of the house, he seized the two miscreants, and, thrusting them into the nearest cupboard, turned the key on them.

Not until their mother returned and they emerged, sticky and radiant, did the Colonel realise that as a punishment for their sins he had turned them loose in the store cupboard, where they had spent a golden two hours in pillaging the jam, biscuits, and other delicacies which abode therein.

It is sometimes possible to amuse the children without meaning to do so, but these are generally calamitous occasions.

"A Desperate Remedy"—and a useless one too, for the infant Mr. Alfred Leete limns has plainly no intention of stopping his howls.

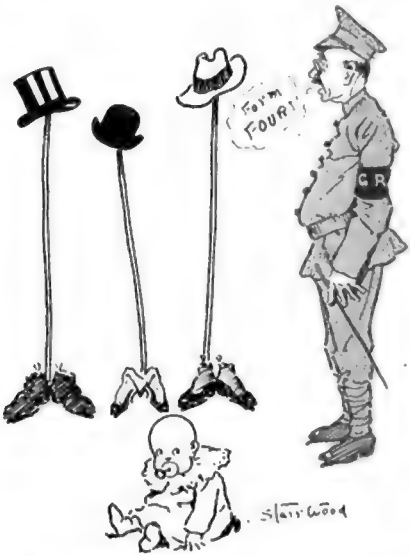
The small boy may shriek with unholy glee when his father gashes his chin whilst shaving, or hammers his thumb in a valiant attempt to hang a picture, but there is little satisfaction in occasioning mirth of this kind.

Some infants suffer from a surfeit of amusement at the hands of misguided relatives and friends who assail them with a succession of rattles, furry animals, and jumping toys calculated to make the brain of the most stoical baby reel with bewilderment.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of letting children amuse themselves, and they will do it with the simplest accessories. A scuttle of coal or a tub of water will keep the average infant going for an hour, and if the nursery does suffer during the process, it is as nothing to the wear and tear on the nerves of anyone amusing the child for the same period.

"A Case of Neglect."—Mr. Thompson portrays the resentful infant who has to play second fiddle to the man in khaki.

Men are apt to scoff at their wives' lamentations regarding the baby question, but a spell of two hours or so in sole charge of a lively infant will usually effect a complete cure. Father may be the most entertaining of men, but if he fails to hit on the exact form of amusement desired by his offspring, his labour is vain. If he is wise he will run through his whole repertoire, and, having discovered the infant's favourite "turn," will work that for all it is worth.



Mr. Starr Wood suggests that zeal for one's country and duty to one's baby might be happily combined

It may mean standing on his head until he nearly swoons, or impersonating a whole Zoological Gardens—there is no mercy in the infant world, and many a young mother has returned to find her husband divided between a desire to strangle himself with the bath-room towel and a violent longing to hurl his ungrateful child through the window.

The most difficult children of all to entertain are those matter-of-fact souls who refuse to "pretend," and to whom the nursery sofa is a place to sit on, and by no possibility a desert island or an enchanted castle.

There is a story of a great man whose five-year-old son belonged to this type. In vain his father strove to stimulate his imagination

The modern small boy, according to Mr. Bert Thomas, obtains untold amusement from the spectacle of his father "doing his bit."

by relating highly-coloured stories in which the nursery furniture figured as brigands' caves and ships in distress.

And then one day, entering the nursery unexpectedly, he found the sofa cushions vomiting stuffing at every pore, while his son-and-heir attacked the woodwork with the meat chopper.

"You said the sofa was a wreck, and a wreck can't be tidy," was the brief and solemn explanation. "It wasn't a wreck before, but it is now!"

And it was!

Children are terribly exacting, and have absolutely no scruples about extracting all the entertainment possible from obliging adults. They are also remorseless in their criticisms, and many a complacent relative who imagined himself good company in the drawing-room has found his level in the nursery.

There is another story of a self-satisfied youth who fancied himself a Paderewski, and who undertook to amuse two small cousins for the space of half-an-hour. Thinking to dazzle them by his skill he sat down at the piano, and let off a series of musical fireworks for their benefit.

For ten minutes or so they kept silent, watching his careering fingers with polite attention. Then:

"Mother said you were going to play to us," ventured the eldest small girl reproachfully.

"Why, so I have! I've been playing all the time," said the musician.

"Oh!" was the response, delivered with crushing emphasis, "I thought you were practising."

Thus are our well-meant efforts liable to be received in the nursery, so that it behoves us to look carefully to our qualifications ere we run the gauntlet of youthful criticism by volunteering to amuse the youngsters

If we do not do so we are covered with ignominy, no one thanks us, and it were better we had never been born.

"An Ill-chosen Moment"—children are woefully tactless in their mirth, and the young-ster depicted by Esmond is no exception to the rule.

The Trimmer

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh, soon or late."

By W. Douglas Newton.

Just three "thick" words about a chit of a girl and Micky O'Brien was dead and Sam Dunn was a murderer.

Big Sam Dunn said the words. He had stood upright after the swing of his big shovel and jerked them out in a voice that was meant to be jocular but had spite behind it. Micky had been luckier with the chit than Sam. Micky had blazed at the words. He had jumped in with his fists ready to smash. Big Sam, for no reason, blazed too, and his big shovel swung up with a power of rage behind it—and there was Micky like an empty sack on the coal, with a great hole in his neck; and there was Sam with a wet edge on his coal-shovel, sweating cold in the thick heat of the bunker, a murderer, ripe and ready for the six-foot drop.

The man on the little wooden platform slung against the ship's side with ropes was singing. His voice came booming and a little cracked down the coal-shoot. He had been singing before Sam had uttered those fateful words. And it was not another song, but the same song, a sort of limelighty lyric about Maggie McKenzie. Sam could hear the words quite well. It was absurd, but the man had sung one line and a half only during that enormous moment of death.

He stood for an age of seconds gazing down at Micky. He did not ask what he should do, what was to happen to him—yet. He was just amazed. He heard the soft bump of the coal basket on the side of the *Concepcion*, heard the lyric story of Maggie McKenzie interrupted for a beat; then the basket rasped against the flange of the open trap, and in a mild thunder the coal roared down the shoot.

Sam jumped at the sound, and his spade swung in the old habit of work. But he stopped. Ought he go on working? What should a man do now? Give himself up? He looked down at the dead Micky and started again. The coal that had come down the shoot had fallen near the corpse. Some of it had buried Micky's sprawled hand and arm. The instinct of self-preservation flared within him.

"Bury him," his mind clamoured. "Bury Micky. Hide him."

His shovel went out in three crisp strokes, and Micky's shoulder was under the coal. Another and another basket roared down the throat of the shoot, and a mound of coal rose where Micky's chest and arm had been.

Sam stopped and became cautious after that. He began to feel that, after all, he might not be hanged. He might be able to escape; many—many men who killed other men did escape. There was a column in an evening paper about undiscovered murderers a week ago. He need not be discovered—the coal proved that.

Sam Dunn stood stooping, a lowering figure with strange white sweat-channels in the coal dust on his bare chest. He peered about in the dusty gloom of starboard bunker No. 2. There was no one else in the bunker; he knew there would be no one else. He knew, too, that there would be no one else coming to the bunker for an hour at least. The third engineer, who had charge, had looked in half-an-hour ago. The third engineer knew Sam and Micky could be relied upon, and Sam knowing the third engineer (he had done a couple of voyages under him before he took to dock jobs) understood that he was lazy enough not to look in again during the rest of the morning shift. The foreman might come in in an hour, but probably wouldn't. He had that hour. He could do all he wanted in that hour.

He did it systematically. He was a big man without nerves, and he knew his work well. He dragged Micky O'Brien to the bulkhead where both had begun to trim the coal. He would continue from that pile, working outward.

He felt not the slightest compunction at touching the man he had killed. He dragged him by the arms across the floor and pushed him hard against the banked coal. Micky's legs sprawled absurdly and gave a great deal of trouble, but he got them right. Then, methodically, he began to trim up the coal over the corpse.

Micky O'Brien was properly buried in half-an-hour. The coal coming down the shoot was top stuff, big lumps and not dust. That made Sam's work easier. He was able to pile the corpse quickly, and made the coal floor level as he did so. No one came into bunker No. 2, and Sam only stopped once. That was when he remembered Micky's coat and shirt. He sweated like an over-tried horse when he remembered them, but he soon got cool.

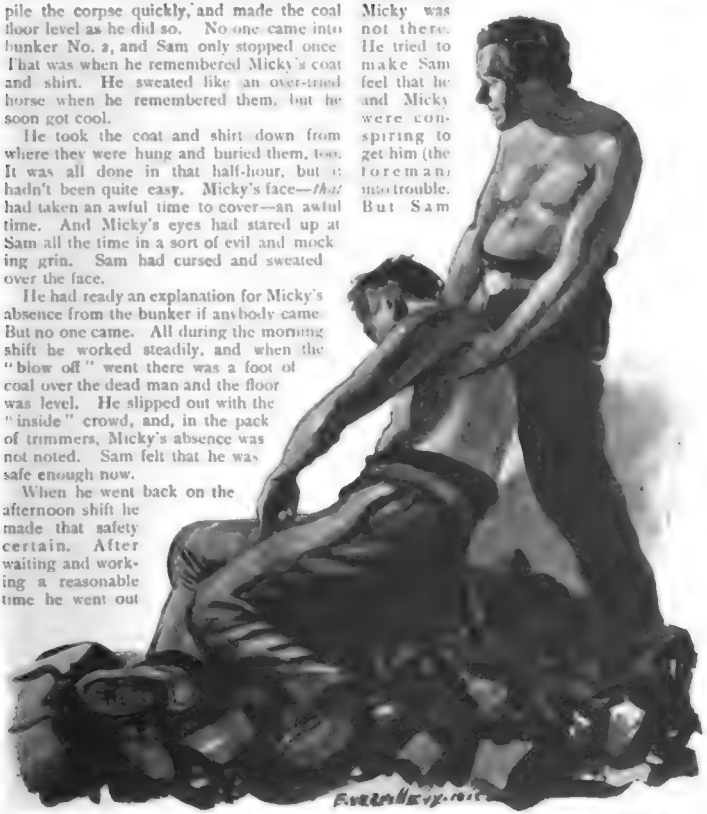
He took the coat and shirt down from where they were hung and buried them, too. It was all done in that half-hour, but it hadn't been quite easy. Micky's face—*that* had taken an awful time to cover—an awful time. And Micky's eyes had stared up at Sam all the time in a sort of evil and mocking grin. Sam had cursed and sweated over the face.

He had ready an explanation for Micky's absence from the bunker if anybody came. But no one came. All during the morning shift he worked steadily, and when the "blow off" went there was a foot of coal over the dead man and the floor was level. He slipped out with the "inside" crowd, and, in the pack of trimmers, Micky's absence was not noted. Sam felt that he was safe enough now.

When he went back on the afternoon shift he made that safety certain. After waiting and working a reasonable time he went out to the gang foreman and began to grumble. He wanted to know how the blazes they expected him to trim No. 2 bunker all by himself. The foreman said tersely:

"Ye ain't expected to do it ye'self. Micky's wid ye?"

"He ain't been near the bunker this afternoon," said Sam Dunn, and he said it as if the foreman knew this much better than himself. The foreman just swore. He came and looked into bunker No. 2, to satisfy himself that Micky was not there. He tried to make Sam feel that he and Micky were conspiring to get him (the foreman) into trouble. But Sam



He felt not the slightest compunction at touching the man he had killed. He dragged him by the arms across the floor and pushed him hard against the banked coal.

knew nothing about Micky. Micky hadn't been near since the dinner hour, he said, and he stuck to that. The foreman promised to put Micky through it later on, and another trimmer was clocked-on from the dock-side. By night bunker No. 2 was finished.

Sam felt quite safe. The *Concepcion* was putting out for a South American port in two days. Micky wouldn't be found before they were well into the Atlantic. He reckoned he would be clear of danger himself by then—it was before the days of wireless. He'd ship as a trimmer when the *Concepcion* sailed. After that he would take care the Seven Seas hid him well.

It was a good plan, yet he was forced to change it a little. He thought he could live through a week before he found himself a boat, and discovered he could not. He had been astonishingly undisturbed all the afternoon following the murder, all the evening and the night, all the next morning. In his boorish way he was beginning to be a little contemptuous of the tales about murderers being haunted by their crimes. After dinner he found out—rather surprised at it—how shaken he was.

Having earned good money for one day he was, like many coalmen, slacking for the rest of the week. It was at the bar of a public-house that he got his shaking. Another trimmer said quite casually:

"Ole Micky O'Brien gone hoff, then?"

Sam started, just as he had started in the bunker, and he felt that all his blood was running very quickly into his heart and then running out again rather more quickly. The other man was looking at him quite unconsciously; Sam read enormous meaning into that look. He managed to answer, after what seemed an age.

"'As 'e? Where's 'e gone?"

He felt that it wasn't a bad answer really, only his voice must certainly give him away.

"Dunno, mate. Thought you'd 'a' known. 'E was your pal," said the other, and Sam read infinite meaning into his answer.

"No, I don't know," he retorted in the hot manner made famous by Cain. "Why should I? 'E 'asn't tole me."

The other fellow was quite unmoved.

"Spec 'e's taken a sea trip," he went on complacently. "The Africa boat left at four yesterday. Specs 'e's on that: the sea pulls away at a feller. If my ole gel——"

Sam began to see that after all he had been too easily disturbed. But if the fool meant nothing, his own shaking knees did. He buried his face in his drink so that he could pull himself together. He ordered more drink. As he drank, he told himself:

"I'll give meself away. I've gotter get out of this town. If I meet fellers that knew Micky, I'll give meself away."

The other man still talked of the attractions of sea trips and Micky's wisdom in taking one. If only his ole gel——

"You're right," said Sam thickly. "A sea trip's the ticket. I'm agoin' on one meself. I'm agoin' to find a boat."

He went out wondering whether the other chap would notice anything strange in the funny way his feet and legs acted. Out in the street he began trembling all over. He went along to a quieter bar and drank spirits. Nearly all the afternoon was spent travelling from bar to bar—always the quieter bars—and drinking. Always as he drank he told himself:

"Gotter get away from this town. I'm agoin' to find a boat."

About ten o'clock he found his boat. He came upon an anxious leading fireman by the dock gates, and the leading fireman was trying to whip in trimmers to take the place of three deserters.

Sam eyed the man up and down. He knew the chap. He'd tried to get him as trimmer the last time his boat, the *Standon*, had sailed. The *Standon* was in the West Indian sailing. It was leaving to-morrow an hour after the *Concepcion*. Joining at the last moment like this meant that all the best places in the watches would be pinched already. But it would do.

"All right," he said to the fireman; "I'm lookin' fer 'er boat. I'll come. Come an' 'ave a wet?"

"You've a skinful already," laughed the fireman, but he came along. It is one of the unwritten laws of the sea that the stokehold staff should come aboard dead drunk, and although the fireman had no intention of getting drunk himself, it had been thirsty work raking in three trimmers, of whom Sam was the last. In any case he wanted to keep the three men under his eye, to make sure that none of them "jumped" the ship at the last moment. If they were thoroughly drunk they would be incapable of deserting. Tactfully he helped to make all three incapable, and Sam the most incapable of the three.

Sam never even knew when or how he got on board. He only knew he was at sea when a quartermaster tipped him out of his hammock and yelled into his ear:

"Look slippy now; your watch. No. 2 bunker; look——slippy."

Sam felt the sea heave under him, but he didn't reason about his being here. He only knew that he had the thickest head of any mortal man. He climbed out of the fo'c's'le with every joint aching and went dragging along the deck to the stokehold "fiddley." He still was not thinking or reasoning.

It was only when he had all but reached the "fiddley" that he pulled up abruptly, staggeringly, like a man suddenly held up with a gun. He had seen one of the life-buoys hanging on the taffrail. On the life-buoy was painted the name of the ship.

He was on board the *Concepcion*. He was going down to work as trimmer in Bunker No. 2 of the *Concepcion*.

As he stood trembling, staring at the buoy, he remembered Micky's face as he had seen it for the last time. He remembered the laugh that had been on it. He trembled again and grew sick. He did not understand the supernatural at all, yet he felt he knew now why Micky's face had worn that mocking grin.

The leading fireman came up walking quickly.

"Look lively there, Dunn. It's my lot you're hanging up. No skulking this trip, me buck."

There was no necessity for him to be civil now. Sam just stared at him.

"What about the *Standon?*" he demanded. "The *Standon's* your ship."

"Oh, shut up!" cried the fireman. "Get busy. I changed my ship this trip. Come along now."

Sam Dunn followed him mutely. He was dazed. A doom too enormous to be comprehended seemed to be flattening him out. He slipped through the "fiddley" and descended the almost endless series of iron ladders, through strata of air each more heated and greasy than the last, until the stratum with the greatest possible heat in it was reached.

"Bunker No. 2; get along. You work some of the drink out of you," said the fireman. Sam walked to the bunker with slow, dreadful steps. In the coal compartment he wanted to fall on his face and beat his brains out against the iron plating.

The bunker had an overhead feed. Somewhere above him was the body of the man he had murdered, and he himself would bring that body nearer and nearer to him, nearer and nearer exposure. Every shovelful of coal he threw from the coal compartment hatch into the stokehold meant that Micky's body would be a shovelful nearer. He could still see Micky's face with its terrible grin. He was more afraid of that than anything else. He hesitated, then took two steps back into the stokehold.

The third engineer had come "forrard" into the stokehold to see the water-gauge. He hadn't forgotten his shore leave yet, and was irritable. Water-gauges did not satisfy him, and he found a reason for anger in bunker No. 2. The crew of bunker No. 2 was slacking.

"Where's the infernal trimmer?" he shouted. "Why the blazes—oh, you, Sam Dunn. Well, you get busy. You're hanging up steam, my man, hanging up steam. You get busy."

Sam went back heavily to the coal compartment. He felt numb. He was oppressed with terror, the terror of getting nearer to Micky's body, the terror that the men should guess from his strange behaviour that something was wrong. He began trimming, throwing coal through the hatch into the stokehold mechanically. The two stokers whom he fed with this coal spoke their minds to him with a warm feeling for adjectives. He was letting them down, they told him; they'd come in and break him up if he couldn't do better.

Sam Dunn was a good trimmer; under the spur of their tongues he began to work quickly. His mind cleared slowly of the drink. The sense of terror did not lift, but it was not Micky's face he saw now so much as the hangman, and himself on the drop. He was full of terror, for he felt trapped. But like a trapped animal he was looking for a way of escape.

"I've gotter get out of this," he thought. "I've gotter get out of it."

After the heavy physical effort of his four-hour watch he spent the four free hours below in a solid sleep, and woke clearer and surer in mind. A plan for getting out of it came to him. He'd desert. When they made Lisbon he'd jump the ship. Then he'd be safe. Mick's body would not have come to light by then. When he had left the ship he would plunge inland or get another ship.

As an idea he began to see that it was even better than his first. It would confuse the trail. Thinking of it he felt better. Things were really working to favour him. If it had not been for that mocking grin on Micky's face he would have felt completely

safe. At his most hopeful moments, however, he seemed to see Micky's face looking down at him through the slowly thinning barrier of coal, and mocking him with the awful stiff smile of death.

Sometimes he was almost crushed by the sense of his doom. What was the good of scheming against Micky? At most times he hated that face, and in hate fought against its seeming influence. He'd do Micky yet. He'd get out of the ship. It was like a battle between them. He worked in the coal compartment as a man striving with a rival for mastery.

And he felt he was winning, beating the power of the mocking dead man. The first day gave the ship a fine run south, brought him very close to Lisbon. There was no hitch; they were rushing to his freedom at full speed. His heart quickened. Dragging on his singlet just before knocking off that night, Sam hung, his body half out of the garment, to jeer up at the imaginary face mocking down at him. He was beating Micky. He laughed upward, snapping his fingers.

"I'll beat you," he snarled. "I'll beat you, you see, you swine."

But his fear had not gone. He knew the face was up there in the coal, grinning, mocking. He was beating Micky, but he felt he was beating him too easily. Micky was up to something. What?

When they ran into the spring gales he knew. He lifted his hands to the coal above his head and cursed Micky.

The *Concepcion* wallowed and swung, and stooping over his shovel he lifted his face and cursed again, cursed with a cringe in his curse. He was weak with terror. He could feel the stiff, horribly silent laugh of Micky's face fixed upon him. He felt that Micky was behind all this, playing with him.

The *Concepcion* tried to fight the gale, and had a bad time. The big seas roared and charged at her and seemed intent on beating her back. She fought them in a wallow of waves and foam. Sam Dunn joined in this fight with a desperate ardour. He knew all the time it was his battle, not the battle of the ship.

But his efforts went for nothing. The ship made no headway. And as the fight went on the barrier of coal became thinner, thinner. And there was Micky above him coming nearer, nearer, smiling all the time, mocking him.

The storms went on. The *Concepcion* was hove-to, but steam was necessary all the same. The stokers clamoured for coal. And there was the ship, standing still, and Micky getting nearer all the time. Sam stood in the coal compartment and raved up at the corpse. He knew he was trapped, trapped. He raged impotently.

A man in bunker No. 1 had his leg broken. The crew began to speak of a curse on the ship and to look at each other with questioning eyes. Someone tried to be sensible, and said the only curse lay in the man-killing overhead bunkers. In a storm like this the coal was bound to shift, and then at the swing of the boat down it came at a run on top of the trimmer. The man in No. 1 had been hurt like this.

In the coal compartment Sam could feel the near approach of Micky. He passed from raging anger to a cringing whining. In a sick whisper he told Micky that he hadn't meant to kill him. He pleaded with Micky for mercy. And he went on trimming the coal, thinning the barrier. His pleadings with the dead man became hysterical.

Then abruptly they were out of the storm, going fast through a heavy sea and nearing Lisbon. Sam recovered his nerve. It would be all right after all. Even if the *Concepcion* made Lisbon late it couldn't alter things. He'd desert and be safe. He was quite ashamed at having tried to mollify the dead man. The dead man was, after all, impotent. He began to sneer as he worked.

The sea was heavy and the *Concepcion* tossed a great deal, but she went on bravely. The Portuguese coast began piling up to port. They were slipping by it quickly. Everybody was cheerful after the storm. Sam was more cheerful than anybody else. He was beating Micky. He would win. Nobody talked of curses or overhead bunkers now.

He went down to his watch, his last watch, almost happily. The sea was still heavy, but there was sunlight over all, and the Tagus was but an hour away. He knew he had won. Not even Micky had any power to hold him now. The trimmer going off his watch told him something about loose coal, but he did not hear. He had beaten Micky, he was safe; that was all that mattered.

He worked and joked through the hatch with the stokers as he threw the coal out to them. They told him not to be so energetic, as they were making port and steam was not a vital thing in life. He laughed at them. He laughed louder when the ship began rolling heavily as she turned to enter the

mouth of the river. He laughed happily. Then, as water is shut off from a tap, he stopped laughing.

He seemed to have heard an echo of his laugh, the same laugh as his own but more coldly sinister, more terrible. He hung looking up, frightened. A little trickle of coal had broken away from the bunker overhead and fallen on the floor. Had that been the sound he had heard? He thought not. He thought—

The coal was moving. The swing of the ship had shifted it. It was moving. He must jump clear. But he could not jump. Micky's face seemed to be looking down at him; the chill, horrible smile of mockery was on Micky's face—it held him. He was gripped in a vice of terror.

The coal moved and he screamed, screamed shrilly with the knowledge of death on him. The coal with a roar like thunder engulfed him.

When the stokers got into the coal compartment, they wondered how it was that Sam Dunn was lying on top of the great mound of coal and not buried under it. When they turned the body over it was not Sam Dunn. It was a corpse with a terrible wound in its neck and a horrible set smile of mockery on its dead face. The Third Engineer gasped at the face.

"My God, that's Micky O'Brien!"

It was an hour before they got the coal off the dead body of Sam Dunn.

Dragging on his singlet just before knocking off that night, Sam hung, his body half out of the garment, to leer up at the face mocking down at him.

Love Letters of an Actress

by

Elsie Janis

These letters are not in the least statistical, but merely the legitimate offspring of imagination and observation. The first six characters are typically American, while those that follow them reflect the attitude of the modern Englishman to the stage. Personally, the only man that ever told me he could not live without me was divorced by the lady he married two months afterwards, on the ground of cruelty. However, this is my idea of how a popular actress should be loved.—ELSIE JANIS.

IV.—THE ACTOR.

His First Letter After They Parted.

Pittsburg.

MARIA MIO,

How in the name of all the syndicate I can ever finish the season with this comic blonde that has dared to take the part made lovely by you, I don't know. You know how you feel when you're playing a week in Brooklyn, and you think of the trip so much that by the time you get to the theatre you're not fit company for a dramatic critic—well, that's the way I feel about her. I think of how awful it is all day, and at night—well, it's fierce, that's all. I suppose she's all right, poor little pinhead; and anyone who played your part would get the same from me, for they certainly did break the model, and stopped reproduction after they fashioned you, Amorcita de mavita.

How about you? Are you happy? I hope so. I beg your pardon, dearest, but I hate to think of anyone else playing opposite you. Do write and tell me that you don't like to have him touch you, for I lie awake nights hating his soul—the swine. I wax wrathful, so I will cease, and get me to a hash-house for face-feeding purposes. Good-bye, dear,

Je t'aime
Ich liebe dich
Yó te amo
Io t'amo
and
I love you,

DAVE.

Some linguist, eh, what?

Her Answer.

DAVE DEAR,

Your letter came, bringing with it brightness and relief, like the entr'acte brings to an Ibsen play. You will never know how much I miss you, dear boy; half the sunshine is gone since we can no longer have our giggling fests. I miss your good looks, your nice voice, and your wonderful figure, but most of all, your sense of humour. As for this person who is playing with me, I will not say I hate to have him touch me, but worse, I don't even know when he does touch me, so nearly nothing is he. Oh, Dave, I sigh for our old days on the road, the rotten hotels, the long walks, the moving picture shows—all of it. Of course, I have made a "hit," but you can't read your press notices all

the time. Write me often. You are a human cocktail when it comes to a pick-me-up.

MARIO.

Another Letter.

MARIO ADORABLE,

Your letter gave me the blues—Heaven knows why—but there seemed to be an unhappy undercurrent to it. Am I right? And

then, on the other hand, you made me so happy, and gave me at least one night's sleep by your description of said leading man. Listen, Mario; I know I am taking a long chance and disobeying orders, but you can't give me a hard look from those wonderful almond eyes of yours; so here goes: Ever since the first night I told you how I loved you, and you said if I mentioned it again we could not be together, I have done a first-class imitation of a deaf and dumb college, but now it's all off. I'm mad about you now, just as I was the first day you blew in to rehearsal, and I shall always be. Remember, no matter what I do you will know I love you.

Will you marry me? I remember hearing you say that you would never marry an actor. Well, I will quit acting—I will do anything you say. Mario, you are nearly twenty-five, and I am nearly thirty. Let's try it when the season closes. I've saved enough this year to take you away somewhere and love you to death. I won't sleep again until I get an answer, so please hurry. Original of that wonderful word, Sweetheart, tell me.

DAVE.

Her Answer.

I've been crying for an hour, Dave, over your letter. The sweetness and frankness of it brought you right into the room with your blue eyes twinkling. Dave, dear, we can't do it; we are too much a l i k e—w e would laugh ourselves along for a year and then awaken to the realisation that there must be serious talks as well as giggling fits to make up the day. I could not ask you to give up acting. You are far too good at it, and I could not give it up yet. If we both went on acting it would be the same old story—together a while and then apart, and nothing but a certificate to hang over our heads. Oh, no, dear; I am too fond of you for that. I am, as you say, not so very happy. I don't know what it is, but it's something. I would like nothing better than to go away with you and be loved to death, as you put it, but when fall comes and I am to be starred, and they say keep your marriage a secret, etc.—oh, no, it can't be done, dear, but I thank you for the honour you have done me, and I shall always think of you as a bright spot in what seems at present a rather dark stage setting.

Always,

MARIO.

His Last Letter.

MARIO,

I know how you hate arguments, and I also know that they are of no avail when you have decided, so I bow to your superior wisdom, but I love you, I love you, I love you; the silence is broken; I am no longer dumb, and if you were here now, my darling, instead of kissing your long slender fingers as used to be your ladyship's command, I would take you in my arms and crush you until you cried for mercy. I'm raving. Don't mind me, dear. I have not slept for days. That's enough. Good-bye, love, and all that's dear, good-bye——

I started to make that a hysterical exit, but took a drink and went out into the cool night air for an hour, and I have come back sane. They are taking this piece to London next week and want me to go. Have raised me 50 dollars a week, so I'm going. It may

mean something, and Heaven knows I need something now. Dear, don't think I blame you. All men are fools, but all men in love are darned fools, and I am the worst of all.

Good-bye,

DAVE.

Letter Received

Six months later.

London.

MARY DEAREST,

I've been meaning to write to you for ages, but I've been rushed to death. The summer season was too wonderful. Why didn't you come over? So you're a star now; that's splendid. I'm so happy for you. You must come over here and conquer *les anglais*—a success over here means so much. By the way, is this Mr. David Manners, who has made such a hit over here, the man that used to play with you? He is the talk of town and is asked everywhere. His engagement to the Hon. Evelyn Waring was announced last week. Rather funny, an actor marrying a title. It's usually the other way round. Write me some news, dear. I pine to hear from you.

As ever yours,

ETHEL.

"There never was a heart so badly broken but that it could be mended by flattery."

V.- THE PLATONIC FRIEND.

Letter One.

Chicago.

DEAR LITTLE BUD,

My, it was great seeing you again and just talking our ears off! You're a wonder, and you know your big Bud is the first one to want to see you get up. Why, when I saw your name in front of that big theatre in electric letters I nearly did a funny fall. Rather different from the first time I met you in Milwaukee, five years ago. What a kid you were—just starting—and do you remember the night we swore always to be pals, nothing more, and we shook hands on it and you took a drink of straight whisky to prove that you were a brother to me? Well, this is all to lead up to the following: Bud, dear, I've been kidding myself, I'm afraid. This last time I had a very hard struggle to keep from holding your hand each time we met or said good-bye, and many other indications. A fellow don't think of his brother's hand as being so lovely and slender and her mouth as being so red and—well, anyway, Bud, write me a line and tell me you don't mind if I don't exactly think of you as I did when you were twenty.

Your old

BUD.

Her Answer.

DEAR OLD BUD,

To be perfectly frank with you, you may have been kidding yourself, but I have not; for though I may have believed at the age of nineteen that there was such a thing as platonic friendship for men and women, I do not believe it now.

When a man is a brother to a woman who is in the least attractive, there is usually a good reason, and it is generally that he wants the privilege of patting her hand, if he feels like it, or squeezing her arm in good fellowship, and last, but not least, he gets her confidence as much as a man can ever get the confidence of a woman. With the woman, if the victim is the type who doesn't like soft women, she will say to herself: "We will start by being good pals. I will light a cigarette for him, play for him while he sits and doesn't feel that he has to make love to me," and many little seductive plans are woven thereupon. The woman knows that the man is but human, and that some day when they're fooling about, wrestling over some book that she is reading and he tries to take from her (the old game), he will hurt his little pal—and then the big scene comes. It's always the same—at least, I have found it so. I do say it can be honest on one

side, but the other side is play-acting. This is all by way of leading up to the following: I expect you to hold my hand when we meet, and I want you to admire my mouth—and I know you have done both ever since we met. You have been honest; I have been play-acting. I am a woman, and play-acting is our privilege. Write soon to

LITTLE BUD.

Another Letter.

Chicago.

DARLING GIRL,

Away with all the "Bud" idea. I am awake at last. Will you marry me? I can give you everything that you want. We are companionable and all that. What do you say? Of course, as usual, you are right; I have always loved you, and you know it. Give me a chance, little girl, and I'll make good.

Yours,

FRANK.

Her Answer.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks so much for your kind offer. You say "Will you marry me?" as if you were saying, "Will you lunch with me on Tuesday?" and I admire your *sang froid*. I agree you could give me everything that I have, and we get along well, but one thing you forgot to ask, "Do I love you?" So I have asked myself for you, and have answered "No." I admire you a lot, but also admire my work, so until I can do more than admire a man, I shall not give the work up. You will make some woman a good husband, but when the right woman comes she won't have to tell you that you love her, as I did.—Always

Your friend,

LITTLE BUD.

Letter from Girl Friend in Chicago.

Three months later.

DEAR OLD MARY,

Did you hear the big news? Our mutual friend Frank J. has gone—went and done it. Handed out the certificate, and in such a hurry, too. Don't know whether you know the real dope on the case, but I got it from a friend of the blushing (dry rouge) bride. She was in the chorus of *The Girl from Home*. He sat down in front one night, sent her a note, took her out to supper, and one week later signed her up for life—maybe. Chicago speed—eh, what? She is a pretty little thing of the don't-tell-mother type, and had only been on four weeks—came from some rube town in Illinois; but she has forgotten that by now, as they have sailed for an Egyptian honeymoon. How are you, old thing? I'm bored to tears, and if I saw an attractive man, he would not stand as much chance of getting away as the leading lady's understudy has of playing her part—and that's some small chance, believe me. Write to me, stingy.

Always,

JANE.

Good, true friends seldom marry; they know too much about one another.

VI.—THE FARMER.

The Man From Home.

Sunnyvale Farm.

MY DEAR LITTLE GYPSY,

My old name for you does not seem to fit the successful Broadway star, Mary Marsden, but I will not be cheated out of it, for I loved you and gave you that name, long before New York loved you and gave you the name of "Star." I sound quite resentful, don't I? Well, dear Gyp, I hate to be an old country kill-joy, but I find that I am really jealous

of your success, and of the thousands of men who have the right to see you, hear you, and admire you night after night, while I, who love you for yourself and not for your acting, have to be content to sit on my porch, dreaming of you and hating everyone in the world but yourself. I remember your telling me once that to be jealous is human, to admit it is fatal, and to show it is vulgar, but I cannot help it, dear. How I do run on!

Bessie has a new calf—a brown one, which, for some unknown reason, I have named Gypsy. Every animal on the farm is either Mary, Gyp, or Gypsy, it seems to me. I have one hundred Plymouth rocks now and about fifty Leghorns, forty-two little chicks in the incubators. Have just finished a new henhouse and am going personally to whitewash it to-morrow. The garden is beautiful. All the pansy beds that you planted the last time you were here are more wonderful than ever. Darling girl, I don't want to complain, but do you know that you used to write me twice a week, and then my share dropped to once a week, and it has slowly diminished until I have not heard from you in a month? Please write me, for you know what it means to me.

Always your old farmer,

FRED.

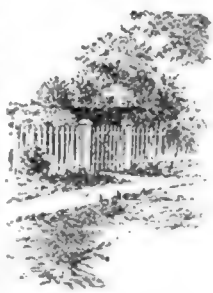
P.S.—Emily was over to-day. She says your mother is feeling very fit now. That little sister of yours is developing into a great beauty.

Her Answer.

DEAR OLD RUBE,

Do forgive me. I have been meaning to write every day, but, as you well know, Procrastination is my real name; and then I have been so busy. Have been overdoing the social side of my life, and am a perfect mental ruin. Sometimes I get so tired of it all I could scream.

I am now at the stage where I hate this part and every one in the theatre, even the property man, poor soul, who only hands me the burnt sugar, which is the fatal poison that I drink and thereby end the tiresome play. I love hearing about the farm. I shut my eyes for a minute and thought I was back in our orchards. I could feel myself climbing that dear old tree, so that I could drop an apple on your unsuspecting head. Oh, it was wonderful, and just as I was about to drop the apple that curse of the universe, better known as a French maid, entered and remarked that Mademoiselle must not forget she had to see a gentleman from the *Evening Journal* at 4.30.



Away went all my day dreams, and, believe me, that poor newspaper man must have thought me an unpleasant and unintelligent little party. Write me more of the farm. I pine for the cool, sweet air of Sunnyvale.

As ever,

GYPSY.

His Reply.

Sunnyvale.

DEAREST GYP,

The way you signed your letter has given me cause for much thought, and at the risk of boring you, I am going to talk seriously to you. "As ever," you say. What I want to know is, do you really mean "as ever"? Do you remember the night before you left home to go on the stage when you said, "I love you, Fred, but I could never be satisfied to marry and settle down here with you until I have tried my wings. I shall always love you, and after I have tried and perhaps failed, or even if I succeed, then I will come back and love you and Sunnyvale all the more, after I see something of the world." Those were your words.

I have memorised them as you do a part in a play. Dearest, that is six years ago; you were eighteen. I have lived on the hope held out to me by you on that wonderful night. Now, I want to know if you really mean "as ever," if you do love me the same and if you are ready to fulfil your promise? You have had success, you have seen the world, and now I am here waiting,

as I have been doing ever since that night. Understand, I don't want you to pity me and keep your word unless you are really pining for the air of Sunnyvale, for the chickens, the garden, and, last but not least, for me. I do not hold you to your promise, for promises made at eighteen are rarely kept at twenty-four. Don't try to be a heroine, dear.

Tell me the truth; I am strong and can stand it, but I must know now. The longer we wait the worse it will be for me.

As ever and always,

FRED.

P.S.—Take your time and think well before you answer.

Her Answer.

DEAR, DEAR FRED,

I have thought and thought until it seemed my brain must burst, trying to make up my mind to give it all up and come to you. Dear old fellow, I cannot do it. This life is in my blood. Success is a wonderful and alluring mistress that few have the courage to leave, but hang on until she tires of them and leaves them. My pining for Sunnyvale was only temporary, and even then, it was not for Sunnyvale; something new, something to conquer, a new part, a new country. This acting is like a drug. At first you are satisfied and stimulated by a little dose; then slowly and surely you increase the dose until you take an overdose, and that's the end. My overdose will be when I attempt a part that is too much for me. I meant it when I said "as ever," for I do love you as much as I ever did, but my life—this life—has taught me that that was not love.

When we really love people, we cannot say, "I love you, I am going away for a few years." We say, "I love you, take me and don't ever leave me." Don't you see, dear, that I was a child? Now I am a woman, and God knows not as happy with all my success as I was then. Dear Fred, try to forgive me; I can't help it. I can't live without it all, and until I see a man that I cannot live without I shall go on and on increasing my dose and seeking for the unattainable bluebird, "Happiness."

MARY.

His Answer.

GYPSY DEAR:

I knew it before I opened the letter. I am not a fool. I have felt all that you say. Sunnyvale has lost its sun for me, dear, but I will not complain. I shall only pray that some good man will come along that you will think you cannot live without. After all, it is in the thinking, dearest, for there is no one we cannot live without, as proven by my still existing after receiving your letter. Be happy, little Gypsy, and think sometimes of the farmer that you loved when you were eighteen, but not when you were twenty-four. Nothing in this wonderful world lasts, dear, and least of all, love.

God bless you,

FRED.

Letter From Mary's Sister, Emily.

Five months later.

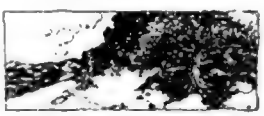
DEAR SISTER MARY:

I am the happiest girl in the world. Fred has asked me to marry him and I have said, "Yes." Oh, dear sister, I did not dream that such happiness could exist. I have often thought it was funny that dear Fred did not notice the girls around here, and to think that all the time he has been in love with me. We will be married this spring. I am ready now, but dear Fred says he has always wanted to be married when the pansies were in bloom; just one of his sweet, quaint ideas. I know you will be pleased, for you always admired Fred yourself.

Lovingly,

Your little sister,

EMILY.



"Time heals all wounds, but oftimes leaves a scar."

(More Love Letters Next Month.)

Photo P. P. Nicholson, Fleet Street.

The shortest soldier in the Middlesex Regiment, and a companion in arms.

TOM THUMB IN KHAKI.

THE shortest soldier in the Middlesex Regiment is indeed a veritable Tom Thumb, being about on a par with his rifle and bayonet as regards the number of his inches.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

BOMBARDED BY THE ALLIES.

THE fort of Kilid Bahr has received a lot of attention from our guns, situated as it is at a point on the Dardanelles where it commands the Narrows. Sultanieh is the great stronghold on the Asiatic side, and there are other batteries eastward towards Gallipoli.

The Dardanelles are about 33 miles long, and in some places 4 or 5 miles across; the Narrows, however, are only 1,300 yards in width.

The banks of the straits on both sides are hilly in many places, with deep ravines and occasional woods, but very few decent roads, as the Turks have always relied on the sea for their communications.

A big export trade is done from the towns along the Dardanelles, and at Gallipoli there are two harbours and an important lighthouse.

The entrance to the Dardanelles was guarded by the forts of Sedd-ul-Bahr on the European side and Kum Kale on the Asiatic shore, but there was very little of either fort left after our terrific bombardment.

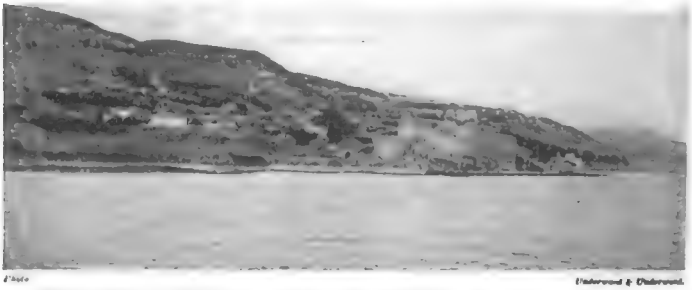


Photo Underwood & Underwood.

Kilid Bahr is the great Turkish fort on the European side of the Narrows, which received such a terrific bombardment from the Allied Fleets.

Photo A. Kenrick.
The mascot of the destroyer *Eden* is a monkey, who is here seen perched on the end of a torpedo tube.

A MONKEY AS MASCOT.

THE destroyer *Eden* boasts as its mascot a monkey, who is a great favourite with the crew, and thoroughly at home on board. Even the torpedo tubes have no terrors for him, and he is seen in the picture perched jauntily on the end of one of them—the end, too, from which the deadly weapon emerges.

A short time before the photograph was taken, the same tube was fired accidentally whilst directed as in the position seen—that is, fore and aft—thus causing considerable damage to the foremost funnel. Happily, the torpedo failed to explode, otherwise the damage would have been far greater and many lives would undoubtedly have been lost. It certainly looks as if the monkey exercised a beneficent influence on the ship when such a calamity was averted.

Both soldiers and sailors are proverbially fond of animals, and the British Army and Navy number a large collection of mascots, including dogs, cats, goats, bears, and a generous sprinkling of monkeys.

Photo Fierce Bedford.
A signpost which marks the boundary between England and Scotland, on the Cheviot Hills.

A FRONTIER SIGNPOST.

FRONTIER signposts are by no means common in this country, but there is one at least which may be seen by travellers over the Cheviot Hills.

This signpost is on the summit of the Carter Bar Pass, which leads over the Cheviots from Newcastle to Jedburgh. On the Scottish side it gives the distances to Hawick, Jedburgh, and Edinburgh.

As a landmark this signpost is certainly full of interest. A boundary mark between two counties has always a certain fascination, but this is increased when it is two distinct countries that are in question, and you can step from one to the other in a moment.

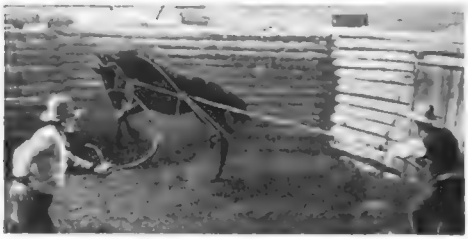
A STIFF SENTENCE.

IN olden times there were no half measures in dealing with miscreants, and damage to public property was visited with severe retribution.

This is particularly evident in a notice which still appears on a bridge at Dorset, and threatens any person wilfully injuring the bridge with transportation for life.

Apparently the notice had the desired effect, as the bridge appears to be still in a state of good preservation. Indeed, short of attacking it with a pick it is difficult to see what injury could be inflicted on a solid stone bridge of this kind even by the most malicious.

Photo E. L. Ball.
This notice on a bridge at Dorset seems to indicate that, in olden days, severe measures were the rule in dealing with damagers of public property.



1. A loop of rope passed through a rope collar and drawn round the horse's hind leg prevents him kicking the men as they put on the bridle and harness.

BROKEN WHILE YOU WAIT:

How Southern Alberta is Breaking Horses for the Army.

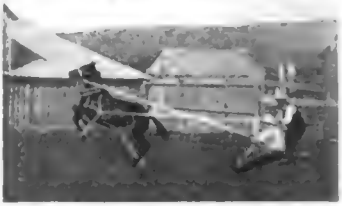
The war has created such a demand for horses that it is increasingly difficult to keep up the supply. In this respect Canada is coming to the rescue, and in Southern Alberta a large number of horses have recently been broken.

As is shown by the photographs, which were all taken within the space of twenty minutes, wonders can be achieved even in that short time, and with a young horse which had never before been handled save to be halter-broken the previous day.

The first picture shows the horse with a long rope and halter on, and a loose collar of rope round his neck. A loop of rope is passed through this and round his hind leg so as to draw up the foot and prevent his kicking the men when they proceed to put on the bridle and harness for the first time.

In addition to the harness, trip-hobbles are put on the animal's front feet so that he is unable to run away. If he attempts to do so the rope is pulled so that his front feet are drawn from under him, and he falls on his nose. A fall of this sort usually has a quieting effect upon him, and teaches him the value of submission to authority.

Once between the shafts of a cart the worst of the



2. Once in harness, the trip-hobbles on his front feet draw them from under him if he tries to run away, and result in a nasty fall on his nose.

3. One such fall is usually enough for the most restive animal, and teaches him the value of graceful submission——

Photo A. H. Brown.

4. ——while after a short drive he is only too glad of a few minutes' breathing spell.

battle is over, and after being driven for a few minutes the horse is only too glad to pause and get his wind.

The work of breaking the horses needs both strength and experience, and is only one of the many ways in which Canada's sons are doing their part to help keep the old flag flying.

Photo Mr. Robert Hale. Hoppé

The MAN who PAWNED HIMSELF

By

Robert Hale

Mr. Robert Hale is a comedian of the first water, and, moreover, astonishingly versatile. Here is a story from his pen which will amuse you almost as much as his famous impersonation of Mlle. Gaby Deslys in *5064 Gerrard* at the Alhambra.

You know Sam Sole? Of course you do. Everybody knows Sam Sole—by name. He has a few friends, I admit, but everybody knows him—through the medium of cold print.

His name outside a music-hall is sufficient to produce broad grins on the faces of passers-by, and broader queues outside the box-office. He was—and is—the greatest draw in varietyland, the most popular comedian of the day. There are many clever comedians, but there is only one Sam Sole. He is unique!

His facial appearance places him at once above the heads of competitors and rivals. It is, in music-hall parlance, a "yell." Look at him—and laugh! Hear him—and shriek! Watch him—and resign yourself to hysterics! His posters are faithful reproductions of his "footlight" face—an oval expanse of red skin, with two surprised blue eyes twinkling audaciously; a large, laughing mouth; a flat, reddened nose; a collar cut in high wing-points above each ear, and sliced off to nothing under his chin; an impossible check suit; an atrocious tie; and an antique silk hat several sizes too large. Without the hat, Sam, in make-up, possesses a lofty, startled forehead, from which springs sandy hair, bolt upright, like the bristles of a brush, only much longer.

Success to Sam merely means hard work. Happiness he certainly possesses, because—well, I'll tell you about that later. But as for his salary—why, it's a myth, a "vanishing trick," so far as Samuel is concerned.

True, he *earns* it. But he doesn't *get* it! Again—why? Ladies and gentlemen, a word in your private ears. In Mr. Samuel Sole you behold that rare phenomenon—"The Man Who Pawned Himself."

Sam had a genius for spending money. He has it still, in all probability, only the opportunity—to any great extent—is lacking. What can one do with a miserable £20 a week, when one has been able to play fast and loose at the rate of £100 weekly? An artist's joy in spending has vanished—and Sam was certainly an artist.

He never had any money, till he shook hands with the music-hall public and found that his own clever fingers became covered with golden sovereigns in consequence. His parentage was humble. I have heard

rumours of a fried fish shop, somewhere down in the East End, where Samuel spent his early youth. Be that as it may, he possesses to-day an intense loathing for all fish save salmon, sole, lobster—anything, in fact, which could not possibly find its way to the counter of a fried fish emporium.

One day, somewhere in the East End, Sam, in a moment of inspiration, borrowed an ancient topper and a stick of grease paint, and sang a comic song at a select gathering. A man in that assembly happened to be on the halls. He was a Ballad Vocalist, and went in for "spot limes"—when he could get them—bottled stout, and astrachan-collared overcoats.

Over a bottle of stout he asked Sam if he had ever thought of going on the halls.

"Often," said Sam, and the Ballad Vocalist ordered another bottle of stout on the strength of it.

"Come along to this address to-morrow," he told Sam, "and I'll get my agent to hear you. Bring that hat. Goo' night."

Sam went along and with him went the hat. There was rather a row about it when the owner found out, but Sam bought him many new hats later on. And he wears that identical piece of head-covering to-day.

The agent looked at him, and the Ballad Vocalist talked. Then the agent called in another man, who wore a frock coat and two large diamond rings. They all smoked vast cigars and Sam sang to them. He made them laugh. This, had he but known it, was almost a record. The comedian who can make an agent laugh deserves a monument all to himself.

Sam didn't know this, and he thought it must be the hat. He instantly conceived a violent affection for that hat. But it wasn't altogether the hat. It was Sam—with his humorous mouth and his expressive hands, and his startled blue eyes. A comedian who manages to look startled at his own jokes, is a genius. Sam retains that startled look to this hour.

Having laughed and allowed Sam to mop his heated brow, the agents talked some more. Two weeks later Sam Sole appeared as a trial turn at a suburban London music-hall and "pulled down the roof." In other words, he landed right there in one big, confident jump. He was always confident, but never bumptious. There is such a difference, you know. Besides, in those days, he put the whole thing down to the hat—which was nice of him, because the owner was threatening law proceedings, Sam having no spare cash at the moment.

But Sam got five pounds for his trial week, and bought the owner of the hat a new specimen of the hatter's craft, also a box of more or less smokeable cigars. In addition, he had his first oyster supper with the Ballad Vocalist and the two agents. He could afford to be reckless because every big agent in London had heard him sing that week, and he had signed contracts that morning for work which would carry him over eighteen months at a salary of £40 a week.

"Don't sign up too far ahead," advised the agents. "We'll get you bigger terms when the managers want to 'renew.' Go slow for a time."

Sam did his best, but it wasn't in his nature to go slow. Either he did not go at all, as in his East End days, or he went like an agitated cyclone, with an earthquake hanging on to its tail, ready to blow up at any moment. This was Sam's misfortune, of course, but he didn't worry. He wasn't given to worrying, and this habit, combined with his incapacity for going slow and his genius for spending money, led to his ultimate downfall. I call it a downfall; he called it a joke—till he realised what it really meant. Then he called it several unprintable names, and raved about solicitors.

Having made a success, Sam—wonderful to relate—followed it up. He got funnier and more startled at his own funniness as time went on. At the end of his first month on the halls people knew about him. Then he burst forth into posters, and became bottom of the bill at medium-sized halls, and top of the bill at small ones. When he appeared as an early turn at really tip-top halls, he "went" better than the stars above him, to their intense fury and his own amazement. Whereupon the various managers chiefly concerned registered a vow that when Sam Sole returned to their salary list he should be above the stars, a star of stars. They didn't tell *him* this, of course, but approached his agents, and offered him five pounds a week increase on his present salary—an offer which was promptly declined.

What I want to impress on you is the fact that he was handicapped from the word "go." He hadn't a cent. in the world; he hadn't any rich relations; and he had a genius for spending money, and an incapacity for going slow. If he had possessed even £150 in some nice, safe bank, he would have been all right. But he didn't possess 150

Then the agent called in another man, who wore a frock coat and two large diamond rings. They all smoked vast cigars and Sam sang to them. He made them laugh.

pence. Also, he had no clothes—and he owed his agents commission.

Forty pounds a week is a large sum, but it's no use to a man who spends about £600 before he's earned the first forty aforesaid. This is what Sam Sole did, and a man can't hope to catch up with himself at that rate. It was really due to his agents. They asked him what money he had, and he laughed and told them "None."

Then one of the agents informed him he couldn't go on living in the East End, and he said "No." Then the other agent—partner to the first—pronounced these fateful words:

"I have a brother who advances money, on security. You want money — ready money—don't you? Well, if we show my brother your contracts, for £40 a week, covering forty-two weeks, he'll let you have some money."

"Will he?" gasped Sam, looking startled. "That's jolly decent of him."

The agent's brother had an office, and in that office, on the strength of Sam's contracts—and the fact that his life had been insured by the agents—this brother advanced Sam the sum of £600.

And before Sam drew his first £40 from a generous music-hall manager, he had spent every penny of that £600, and wanted more!

How had he done it? Well, he had bought clothes, private and professional. His wardrobe, apart from the hat, was practically a negligible quantity. He had bought a diamond ring—and was extremely glad of the fact afterwards. He had rented an expensive flat, furnished it, partly on the hire system, paid for luxurious electric light fittings, and filled the cosy little wine cellar, also a cabinet for cigars. His bill for painting and papering was gigantic; his carpets were fit for a swagger hotel.

He engaged a good cook, a man, who served as his dresser at night and worked in the flat by day, and a neat parlour-maid. He had paid a large sum of money down for one year's hire of an excellent motor-car, with option to purchase same, after a certain time.

"You'll need a car when you're 'working turns,'" said his agent, "so you may as well have your own."

He bought wigs, and stage properties, and stage clothes—and these things cost money.

And he bought songs from various authors, for which he paid cash down—and never sang half of them. Before he had been a music-hall comedian for eight weeks he had engaged a clever composer and lyric writer to give him first call on everything they turned out—and for this privilege he paid them a substantial cheque in advance.

He took people out to lunch, dinner, and supper. He gave the Ballad-Vocalist a cheque for £50, a new dress suit, and the run of his flat. He even ordered two dozen bottles of stout, and stuck them in his wine cellar—to such lengths did his generosity run.

And so it happened that he had spent practically every penny of his forthcoming income of something like £1,600 before he had fulfilled more than half the contracts which were to produce the money.

It was a ghastly situation. Here was a man—and a popular man—supposed to be highly successful, and earning a good salary, saddled with an expensive flat, and the appurtenances thereunto—and practically penniless! Every £40 that came to him should have gone to pay his debts—but it didn't. He spent it.

He had never had any money to spend—and he just *had* to spend it! Meanwhile, his debts increased, and the agent's brother's commission on his loan was exorbitant.

So Sam borrowed a little more, at a higher percentage, and people envied him, and flattered him, and flocked after him, because he was Sam Sole—the successful comedian.

And down in the East End, there were distant relations—he had no near relatives alive—to whom his weekly "gift" was a god-send. Fried-fish-shop-owners do not often have a popular music-hall star for a second cousin twice removed. They worshipped him, accordingly, and spent his money on improving the shop, and came to see him, in the gallery, whence they shouted "That's Sam! There 'e is! *Good old Sam!* Bravo!" and got themselves heartily disliked by their neighbours.

Then, at the moment when he was most apparently successful—and in reality almost at the end of his resources—he met Miss Rosie Gilda. And that, to use his own expression, "put the lid on it."

Rosie Gilda belonged to the genus comedienne. She was a "fill-up" turn. She earned about £6 a week and would never make a name, if she lived to be a hundred. But she had a pretty voice, and a prettier face, and *somebody* must be number one or two or three on the bill—so Rosie Gilda got dates.

One night, while playing at the same hall as the new comedian, she waited to hear Sam Sole, and Sam saw her. She was small and slight, she had a pale face, with large brown eyes, and reddish hair. Her chin was firm, and dimpled, and her lips were soft and pink. Sam liked her, and she liked Sam, so much so, that she waited again to hear him, the following night.

That was when Sam spoke to her. He spoke to her every night afterwards, and before the end of the week, he loved her. By a strange stroke of Fortune, it happened that they were on the same bills the following week—though it wasn't so very strange, as they were working for the same Syndicate.

Sam found out that he could drive her back, from one hall to another, by hurrying; and in his comfortable car, with his dresser sitting opposite, they got to know each other very well indeed. Then he took her out to lunch, and Rosie Gilda, who had only seen him in make-up, fell head over ears in love with him, when she saw him *au naturel*.

The ring he placed on her pretty finger with such pride, not long afterwards, had cost him over £100, and the agent's brother was growing fractious! But Sam had his contracts and Sam had his Rosie, so he didn't care.

If he had spent money before he came engaged, he simply flung it away afterwards. Nothing was too good for Rosie. She, in the innocence of her heart, having heard rumours of his fabulous salary, judged from these rumours and the style in which he lived, that he had any amount of money. And so she didn't try to check this lavish expenditure, though she was the one person who might have saved him, had she only known, in time!

At last the crash came. It was about a week before his wedding, and his original contracts were almost at an end. The same day that his creditors threatened to put him in the bankruptcy court, the agent's brother chose to step into the arena.

Sam did all his business through his agents, and to them he went, with his tale of woe—forgetting all about the money-advancing brother. The agents looked grave, and the result was a meeting in their most private sanctum. Sam's tradesmen-creditors were represented by a solicitor; the money-advancing brother represented himself, as the largest private creditor, and the agents were there in their own capacity.

The agent's brother cleared his throat. "I'm your biggest creditor," he said, "and, personally, I don't want to see you in the Bankruptcy Court. . . . . *You can stay out by making over your new contracts to us.*"

The door opened, and in came a small, dapper man, well dressed and smiling, twirling an expensive malacca cane, smoking an expensive Havana cigar, and gazing round with a pair of startled blue eyes. This was Mr. Sam Sole.

It did not take long to make the state of his affairs clear. He owed the money-lending brother nearly £1,000, with interest; he owed the tradesmen almost the same sum; and his income for the past sixteen months had been round about £2,500—none of which was available. So, apart from his personal property and certain realisable things in his flat, his assets were nil.

"What does it mean?" inquired Sam Sole. "The Bankruptcy Court?"

Everyone else in the room nodded. Then Sam Sole got really agitated.

"For Heaven's sake—no!" he cried. "If I've been able to earn £2,500 at the beginning of my career, my new contracts ought to bring in treble that amount. I—I'm going to be married next week; at least, I *was* going to be married. But with this awful business hanging over my head it wouldn't be fair—it wouldn't be right. I—I—what can I do? Show me a way out."

The agent's brother cleared his throat.

"I'm your biggest creditor," he said, "and, personally, I don't want to see you in the Bankruptcy Court—because it won't do *me* any good or you, either. I'd rather get back all I've lent you, with interest, than perhaps just half that sum."

"But you *can't*," groaned Sam. "I can't pay you."

"You can," said the agent's brother—"or, rather, I can pay myself *through you!*"

Sam Sole stared, stupefied and miserable.

"Explain, someone," he begged.

The agent's brother nodded to the agent; and the agent coughed before beginning.

"We've made you, Sam, and we'll help you now if we can. But we won't help you for nothing—you know that?"

Sam nodded. He knew quite well.

"We're business men, and this is a business

deal. Now listen carefully. Your old contracts have only a few weeks to run. We can renew those contracts for two years—and then longer—at £100 a week, for a certain number of weeks in each year, and we'll do it if you stay out of the Bankruptcy Court."

"Well—I *want* to stay out," Sam muttered, "only I don't see how I can."

"We'll show you. *You can stay out by making over your new contracts to us.*"

"What?" Sam turned pale with shock.

"We will take over your future contracts. For this purpose we will form ourselves into a company. Your salary will be earned by you, but paid to us, and every week we will give you £20, and keep the rest, to be divided evenly between your creditors and ourselves until your debts are paid off."

"But—but I'm to earn £100 a week, and only have £20?" stammered Sam.

"Exactly—or face the Bankruptcy Court. That won't do you any good with managers—and our offer gives you a better chance to pull up. You don't want to spend your whole life up to your eyes in debt, do you? Clear it off as soon as you can. Though you've got to live up to your salary, you can do it, if you try, on £20 a week, and after a time you'll start clear again. Sam, you've got yourself into a hole, and this is the best way out. You say you're going to be married? Well, bankruptcy's a bad beginning. Your wife won't want debts for ever—she'd rather live carefully for a time, I'll bet my boots. Will you take our offer?"

Sam said "Yes"—and said it without hesitation. And when he signed the paper which handed his earnings for the next two years or more to a limited company he merely remarked with a grin:

"Well-known comedian pawns himself! Where's the photographer, boys?"

So next time you start envying Mr. Sam Sole his huge salary, just pause a minute. It isn't so huge as it sounds—at least not to him. But he's got his Rosie, and he's got his work, and he loves them both. So, on the whole, the Man who Pawned Himself is a very happy man. It's a rum world, isn't it?

HOME ON LEAVE.

I'd dreamt of a day on the river,
Just Elsie and I on our own,
With tea in a backwater shady,
Where we should be quiet and alone;
A theatre, perhaps, in the evening,
Some supper, and then, such a lark!
A taxi ride home to the suburbs
Through streets providentially dark.

Alas! I had reckoned unmindful
Of numerous family ties,
Of uncles and great-aunts and cousins
Of every conceivable size,
Who, bidden to meet me at luncheon,
Remained uninvited to tea,
And asked if I wanted a muffler,
And hadn't I got the V.C.?

So next time I've leave I've determined
To stay at some London ho el,
And then it's hurrah! for the river,
The theatre, and supper as well.
While as for my sainted relations,
I think I've sufficient excuse,
Considering their criminal treatment,
For sending them all to the deuce.

Dorothy Rose

For Soldiers and Sailors Too

All the contributions on this page were sent in by officers and men serving in H.M. Forces. A pack of ROYAL playing-cards or a silver pencil-case is given for every accepted storyette, joke, bit of verse, or drawing sent in by a soldier or sailor. Please say which gift you prefer, and address envelopes to The C.O., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

COSMOPOLITAN GOSSIP.

An unfortunate altercation took place at a well-known City *café* last night at dinner. One of the diners called for some "Turkey without Greece," and the waitress rather rudely replied: "You must be a German." He said "No, I'm Hungary." His friend then nudged him, saying: "Be careful, don't Russia, or she won't Servia." The waitress then retired, but returned again immediately, saying: "Do you intend to Roumania?" The man replied: "Certainly. I want Samoa." The waitress then became annoyed, and said: "Ring the Belgium and I'll call Nancy. It will cost you a New Guinea."

THE VELVET HAND.

The Colonel of a Territorial battalion enlisted for home service ranged his battalion alongside the barrack square wall, and about six inches from it. Seriously he lectured them on their duty towards their country, and finished by giving the following command:

"Those who do not wish to volunteer, two paces step back—mar.h."

Strange to say, the who'e battalion volunteered.

THEN HE SLOPED HIMSELF!

It was a newly-formed battalion, paraded to get their equipment completed, with a newly-promoted, flustered N.C.O. in charge. In his squad some had rifles and some had none, but the following command startled even the most humorous in the company:

"Those without rifles, slope—arms."

THE VITAL POINT.

FIRST PRIVATE (in water): "Help! Help!"

SECOND PRIVATE (an Irishman): "Be yez drooning or collecting subscriptions?"

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF WAR.

A gentleman in a large provincial town who is the proprietor of about forty grocers' shops lost one of his assistants, who left at short notice to join the colours. Owing to the scarcity of labour and time, he was unable to get another man in the shop for the busy night, *i.e.*, Saturday, so he took off his coat and gave a lift behind the counter.

A woman came in, and, after having been served by him, she said to another assistant:

"Where is the young man who served me last week?"

"Oh," said the assistant, "he has joined the Colours."

The lady said the usual thing about good wishes, etc., and then added:

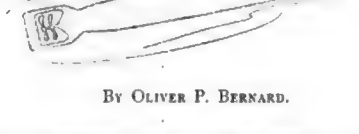
"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. It gives old fellows like this a chance to earn a copper or two."

The old man is one of the wealthiest grocers outside London.

A gleeful sketch sent from the North Sea, and, we fear, a horrible libel on the ship's glee-singers. Note the title of their ballad.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY OF THE GREAT DISASTER.

The REAL STORY of the LUSITANIA



By Oliver P. Bernard.

The torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine off the coast of Ireland on May 7th awakened world-wide horror and indignation. In the following article Mr. Oliver P. Bernard, the well-known scenic artist at Covent Garden Opera, who was among the passengers, gives a vivid account of the disaster.

The *Lusitania* was scheduled to leave New York on May 1st at 10 a.m. These are fateful times, and our departure seemed far less happy than is usually the case when friends and relatives are off to Europe. The tension was in some degree increased by a delay of about three hours whilst passengers of the *Cameronia* were transferred to our list owing to the Anchor Line having made other arrangements.

We steamed at an average of about eighteen knots through calm weather until the fateful Friday. By this time we had reached the coast of Ireland. At breakfast time we were in a light fog and our speed was reduced to apparently ten knots. Apprehensions associated with the "danger zone," which we had now entered, were by no means allayed by the continuous sounding of the vessel's syren, thereby announcing our arrival off the Irish coast to friend and foe alike.

At mid-day we had emerged from the mist and saw the first view of Ireland's coast line. The speed of the vessel was not increased to the expectation of the passengers, who had been anxiously anticipating a genuine effort more worthy of a holder of Atlantic records in these hours of danger. It was noticeable throughout the voyage that only three separate sets of furnaces were doing duty. Now there were still only three funnels smoking, although the steam pipes were letting off clouds of pressure. Progress seemed curiously cautious; some people, including myself, thought we might be slowing down for the arrival of a convoy. In my opinion, we were now making about twelve knots an hour.

Passengers were animated with all the symptoms of home-coming, and there were obvious reasons for more than ordinary excitement. At lunch people lingered to discuss, above all things, the possibility of submarine attack, all looking forward to a record dash up the St. George's and Irish Channel. In the course of this last meal aboard, I chaffed a lady table companion on the question as to which particular lifeboat she had selected in case of emergency.

Anxious to get a nearer glimpse of land, and making my way up the saloon stairs, I noticed the clock on the main landing pointed to 2.15 p.m. On reaching the promenade deck on the port side, my first impression was that we had come to a standstill off Queenstown, but further observation showed that we were still crawling along in sight of the coast. In sheer disappointment with our tardy progress, I crossed in front of the bridge to the starboard side and walked slowly aft until I came to the verandah café.

Suddenly my interest was aroused by an object in the water about 200 yards from our starboard beam. It glistened in the sun and might have been the tail of a porpoise standing upright in the water. What is

more, it appeared to be making some movement in the water, which frothed round its base. A further disturbance in front of this object drew my attention. It was as if a quantity of air had been released under the water. I now became conscious of the fact that this upright object had actually been approaching our beam, and when the bubbles had subsided it also disappeared.

I should have dismissed the occurrence as being the antic of a young whale, but for a white streak of foam which now appeared to be coming from where these things had shown themselves. It grew longer and more distinct in the dark, smooth water as it rapidly approached our side. My senses seemed to ache with apprehension as I at once recognised the track of a torpedo. I saw two other men were stopped half way along the promenade deck by the sight which was now plain to ordinary vision.

A third person, a lady, walking ahead of them, had not noticed anything unusual until she arrived within a few feet of me, and, observing what must have been the peculiarly interested expression on my face, turned, and following my gaze with her own, hysterically gasped: "That's not a torpedo, is it?" and then fled across to the port side.

Meanwhile, fascinated by the sight of the oncoming projectile, I watched it disappear under our counter nearly amidships, and held my breath for the explosion. First there came a shock as if a small tugboat had buried itself in our side, and within a second of this impact an explosion jarred me from the soles of my feet upwards. A column of white water rose at our side abaft the bridge. An eruption of *débris* shot up through the deck near this position as from a volcano. We had been hit fair and square in the boiler-rooms. A sullen rumble from the bowels of the vessel confirmed this as we took a sudden list to the starboard. It was as though this giant Cunarder had been lying in dry dock, and had fallen on her side through the collapse of the starbcard underpinning.

My next movement after staggering to the rail was decided by the steam and water which belched from the huge ventilators abaft and between the funnels. Coal and other *débris* rained back on the after deck. I rushed into the café for shelter, as a huge waterfall poured over the verandah and weighed down the awning that stretched from the verandah to the after rail, quite expecting the roof of the café to collapse on the men and women who came running in and out again.

There was a general rush for the port side. One heard shrieks:

"They've done it."

"What shall we do?"

"Now it's come."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

I ran along the port promenade, dodging the crowd around the boats, catching a fleeting glimpse of a swarthy-looking individual being flung out of a lifeboat into which he had climbed before it had even been brought to the deck level for the women and children. A seaman gave him considerable inducement with an axe.

The scene around the lifeboats convinced me that there was scarcely any chance of being safely launched in one. One boat let down on end emptied its occupants, like a barrel of herrings, into the sea. Another ran through its tackle, and floated away empty. Tackle jammed and boats were smashed against the careening side of the vessel. There was not what could be rightly described as panic amongst passengers or crew, the unwritten law of "women and children first" was duly observed, but owing to the ineffectual launching of lifeboats it was a bad day for all.

On three occasions during the voyage we were privileged to witness what may be termed "boat drill." This performance began with a bugle call. About a dozen men and a boatswain would respond to the signal, some by lining up on the boat deck opposite one of the lifeboats, and others would stand by the boat tackle on the funnel deck. The third officer would come along and inspect them. At a word from the officer, those men stationed on the boat deck would climb up the davits into the boat—the keel of which, as hanging, was about a man's height from the deck level, and the gunwale proportionately higher.

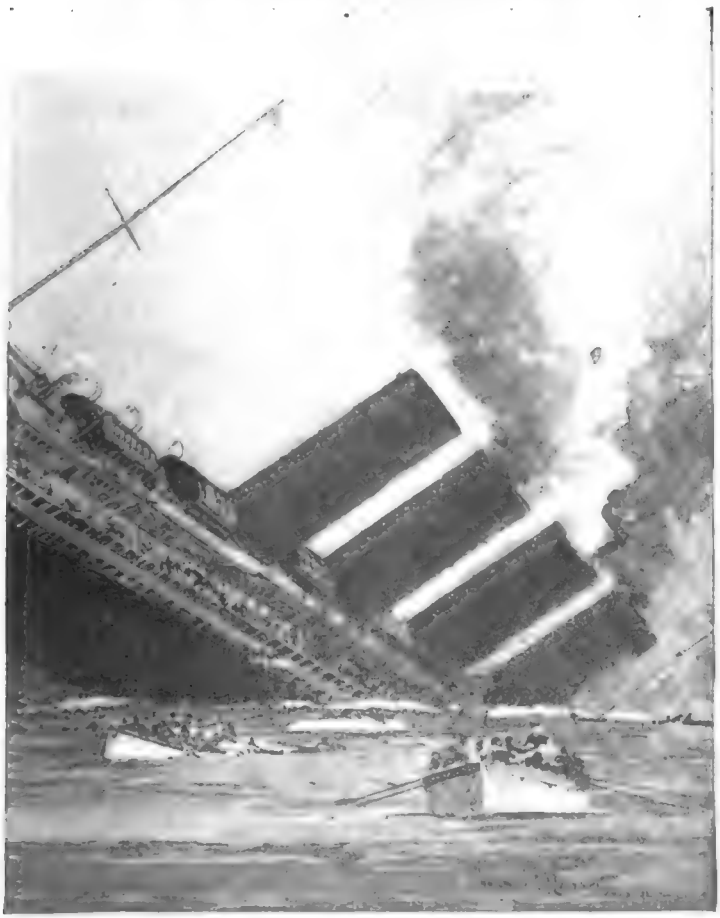
They would stand for a moment when in the boat with oars dressed and immediately sit down, ready for launching. Being apparently satisfied with this proceeding, the officer would again give an order, whereupon the lifeboat crew then climbed down to the deck and returned to their ordinary duties. The boat remained stationary throughout this drill in so far that it was not brought to the deck level to receive passengers—therefore eliminating any possible practice in the art of lowering the boat—which is the essential and most hazardous part of launching a lifeboat from a ship's side in case of emergencies.

Amongst the entire deck crew of the

By courtesy of the Illustrated London News.

The *Lusitania* was nearing the Old Head of Kinsale on the south west of Ireland when she was struck by a torpedo from a German submarine. The ship heeled over and began to sink almost at once, for although—

Lusitania, I noticed only three individuals, apart from officers, whom I could conscientiously classify as able-bodied seamen. The remainder of the deck hands were men who had either outlived or never possessed the qualifications of capable seamen. A circumstance which has proved the rule in other catastrophies of the Mercantile Marine was plainly evident during the destruction of the *Lusitania*. The stewards displayed such



—the watertight compartments were closed, the explosion and tremendous inrush of water burst them in. The port boats were rendered useless owing to the heeling over of the vessel, which foundered in eighteen minutes.

adaptability and self-sacrifice in their efforts towards handling the lifeboats and assisting the passengers, that as a body of men they deserve nearly all the commendation that can be awarded for the work of rescue in this particular disaster.

Staff-Captain Anderson came along the deck and roared to the men to go steady and look alive on the port side. To me it was

positively a case of the water first and whatever help might come afterwards. To get a better view of the surroundings I made for the stairs of the funnel deck. I noticed Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt standing by the main entrance of the saloon, apparently taking a curious interest in things as they were. He had a large purple leather jewel-case in one hand, and was smoking a cigarette as calmly as if waiting for a train.

A stoker came staggering along like a derelict automaton. The top of his head had been blown back from his forehead. A vacant stare was in his eyes, and his face streamed with the scarlet and black of blood and coal-dust.

Climbing to the funnel deck, which was apparently deserted, I crossed to starboard. Stewards were making frantic endeavours to lower boats on that side, where there were fewer people. One boat was already hanging head down, jammed, and others had been disabled in different ways. The angle of the starboard list was now about 15 degrees, and the *Lusitania* was well down in the water on that side, dipping about 10 degrees at the head.

From the top of the funnel deck some hundred yards out in the sea I saw a man who had entirely divested himself of clothes; he was swimming calmly and gently on his back, apparently quite happy, and waiting for a possible successfully launched boat. Inspired by his example, I proceeded to remove my coat, waistcoat, collar and tie, and by some strange force of habit folded them methodically and laid them at the base of the third funnel.

I then discovered the two Marconi operators. They were using the emergency installation, as the main had been put out of commission the moment we were struck, when fires were extinguished by the inlet of water, engines and electric current stopped, and all lights extinguished.

So was 40,000 tons of steel doomed by just one torpedo. Other witnesses have declared that they saw two, some have spoken of three torpedoes. Although I offered to give evidence at the official inquiry, I was not called upon, so I do not know how others have described the effects of a second and third torpedo. I can only say that I distinctly saw one fired at about 150 yards range from the vessel, saw it strike us at a point between the first and second funnels, and was painfully conscious of the concussion and after effects. I cannot imagine the possible results of a second or third torpedo being overlooked by anybody with reasonable powers of observation.

One of my Marconi friends was sending rapid calls of S.O.S. His colleague, a good-natured and husky son of the north, assured me that there were any amount of other vessels around. This consolation from my point of view was qualified by the fact that there was not a solitary steamer then in sight, and I am quite unable to swim a yard.

We were lying just as when struck, parallel to the coast, which appeared about nine miles from the port beam. An engineer ran across our deck and replied in answer to an inquiry from my big friend:

"The water-tight doors are all right; they're all right, don't worry."

The Marconi men and I smiled at each other on receipt of this emphatic statement, being somewhat amused by the angle of the deck, which was rapidly increasing as we sank slowly with the head of the vessel well down in the water. We waited tensely for some reply to our signals of distress; one came after an eternity of seconds, and then the emergency apparatus went off as the overhead wires were snapped.

The operator pushed his swivel chair out of the little cabin door, apparently offering it to me so that I might make myself comfortable during our last moments afloat. He then produced a small camera and proceeded with some difficulty of angle to take a snapshot of the scene forward.

The head of the vessel was now going under, and I had no desire to sit down, neither did I approve of a revolving chair as being a fair support in the water. Letting go this piece of office furniture, it went sliding down the deck on its castors, and I was obliged to follow suit owing to difficulty of balance, as we were now heeling over rapidly.

I was saved from a nasty fall by the rails of the starboard gangway—against which I was flung by a sickening lurch of the vessel—now about to roll over on her side. Climbing down outside the staircase rails with my back to the sea—hanging on like a monkey—I dropped, feet first, on to the boat deck. This deck is normally forty feet from the water-line, but was now drifting into the sea, as I turned about for the final plunge.

Immediately before me was a lifeboat now dipped well into the water by the ship's angle and the davits went lower and lower to the sea. No attempt had been made to launch this boat, which was already waterlogged. A wallet in my trousers pocket, containing

money, I flung into this boat before being myself thrown into the sea. Others gained this boat before me, and the falls were only chopped through an instant before the davits went entirely under. Though, fortunately, within reach of my wild plunges in the water, it seemed as though our lifeboat was to be the actual instrument of death for us all. We had just cut her clear of the tackle which held us to the disappearing vessel when one of the wire cross-stays from the funnels caught us in its embrace, as the huge upper decks careened over on us.

We were like rats at bay, and the main efforts of every man were just sufficient to lift this tentacle of death over the rowlocks, the boat tilting under the strain as the wire came through the water. The reaper of oceans had not finished with us yet. Number three funnel now hung over our heads. The word funnel never seemed a poorer name for the colossal black monoliths which lay over us, as though we were a cluster of flies in the path of a falling tower. It seemed as if it would surely break away from the vessel and annihilate us in its collapse. I was conscious of a sense of comfort that it might, at least, save us the struggles of a death by drowning.

Our lives were held in the leash of the port funnel's stays; even so, had the vessel sunk square on her side we should have been slowly smothered under her. According to my deduction, the immense beam area of the disappearing liner and consequent surface pressure of the water caused her to adopt a sliding movement with her downward course away from us, keel first. In a few awful seconds the huge funnels had cleared our heads, and as their tops slid to the water level the sea poured into these black-throated chasms, which yawned like coal-mines, and belched forth soot which was driven with the air by the water from the furnaces.

The wife of a minister was caught in a waterfall which literally poured her into one of these gaping tunnels, and as the sea filled it she was as literally poured out again, to be picked up like a bundle of wet, sooty rags, but a human being for all that.

From the moment we had freed ourselves from the funnel-stay efforts had been made to push away from the sinking monster, but entirely without success. Now we anticipated being taken under by suction or drowned in submarine disturbance from boilers below.

At this time many occupants of our boat became frantic in their behaviour. There was no suction, however, or explosion, but the sea rose some feet above ordinary level in the form of an immense table of boiling water, truly embodying the drowning agony of a leviathan. Heads, arms, bodies, and *débris* of every description rose and fell in the surging waste which created the effect of a squall blotting the bosom of a placid sea.

Our boat was absolutely the last to clear itself before the R. M. S. *Lusitania* disappeared for ever. About half our complement were stokers and trimmers and I noticed one elderly, but able-bodied seaman. Oars were put out, and after picking up as many stragglers as we came across, we commenced to pull, as well as able for land. The boat was packed to standing, and men had piled themselves up in the stern and bow in a manner only possible under fair weather conditions. I shared an oar with the saloon deck steward, a little man who showed the heart of a lion throughout our trials. Together, we lifted a woman aboard, whose face was as green as the sea, and we slipped her body to the bottom of the boat between us as we stood. She lay in the water which was some eighteen inches deep, and frothed at the mouth. It was physically impossible to render proper aid; we were badly water-logged for want of caulking, and three men baled steadily.

At 3.55 p.m. by my wrist watch (it was still going in spite of temporary immersions) we sighted a fishing smack, standing in a light head wind, nearly becalmed. At 5 p.m. we reached her and were taken aboard. Another boat and two rafts joined us, making a total, I believe, of some 140 survivors. Gradually smoke appeared on the Eastern and Western horizon, and soon all kinds of steamers began to heave in sight. A Greek steamer from the East was first on the scene, but ignored our appeal to be taken aboard, continuing her course to the place of disaster. A British tramp, East bound and deep-laden, ignored everything, perhaps wisely.

Finally the tug *Flying Fish* of Queenstown bore down and took us off the smack which had served us so well. A heavy sea in night-time instead of a calm summer's day would have made this story impossible, as scarcely any one could have survived. Many were badly battered. One boat picked up a stoker with an arm hanging by a shred near his shoulder. A surgeon amongst his companions operated with a borrowed penknife, and his plucky patient was singing a little while after the severed member had been flung overboard.

The tug picked us up at 6.55 p.m. about which time we sighted four torpedo boats and an armed trawler racing to the rescue. One poor woman exclaimed as they slid by:

"Oh, why didn't they meet us before this happened?"

This is only one of the many questions which must remain in abeyance.

It was distinctly gratifying to cross the searchlights of Queenstown harbour and feel that we were at last within a protected area. There was a momentary delay in getting alongside of the Cunard Wharf, and the gallant old Captain of the *Flying Fish* requested us all to be patient whilst he himself stepped ashore to arrange our disembarkation.

Two or three minutes of suspense, however, were more than enough for a gentleman hailing from the vicinity of Boston, U.S.A., who took upon himself to address the crowd of military and naval officials who could be dimly seen in the darkness waiting to receive us on the wharf. A suave reply from an individual wearing H.M. uniform only evoked greater linguistic violence. The American proceeded to invoke the Deity with additional references to a warmer region than that which we were then enjoying. The replies of the unseen object of his eloquence grew only more courteous and reassuring as the gentleman from Cambridge, Mass., became more lordly and lurid in his address.

A few moments after this incident, we got ashore. Some were carried. I was claimed by a bluejacket from H.M.S. *Venus*, who insisted upon being a mother and father and brother to me on the spot. Picture a bulldog in blue assisting a half-drowned rat along the main thoroughfare of Queenstown before an admiring crowd of natives. He imbued his somewhat helpless and extremely bashful charge with courage by a hearty:

"Just you come along with me now—pluck up, me old sport—you're all right here with me."

His good right arm held me tight and with the left he produced from some region cigarettes for two. Promptly and personally popping them into our respective mouths and then again producing matches from an equally mysterious region, he struck one in the approved sailor manner and we puffed our way vigorously along the road to an hotel. With such a pilot I felt somewhat like the inebriated mouse of tradition and could have exclaimed:

"Now then, where's that infernal submarine?"

At the hotel were other survivors and many in a most pitiful state—wives without husbands, husbands without wives, children without parents, and even a grandmother left alone.

Sleep that night was impossible; some of us sat and talked to kill time until the dawn. At sunrise three of us walked up and down the harbour side. A few of the *Lusitania* lifeboats had been towed in somewhat battered, in all so few that one might have imagined it was the morning after a gale of centuries. Later, I decided to visit the temporary Morgues, of which there where three, filled with victims.

I entered the first and saw before me a heap of babies, lying on the floor, nude and semi-nude, poor innocent mites, tender little images now distorted, battered and discoloured like waxen effigies.

Rows of what must have been mothers, wives, and daughters of men lay stretched still and silent, scarcely recognisable, shrouded in garments that clung close to their bruised and battered limbs.

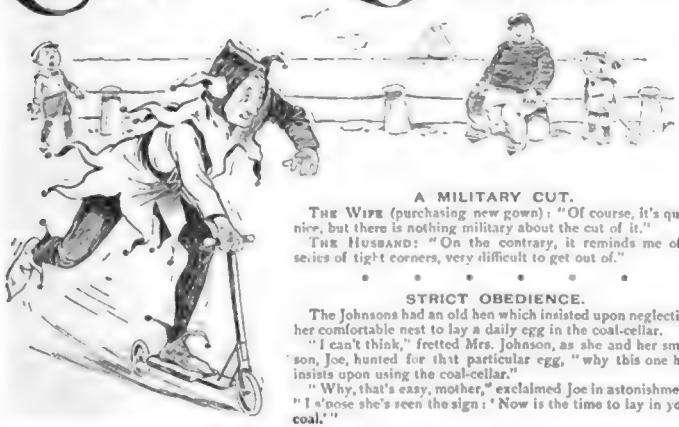
Walking sunlit streets again, with a friend who had joined me in sympathy, we found the second shelter for victims of the arch-assassins. Sunlight filtering through a grimy window glinted on gold braid, untarnished on the sleeve of what remained of a fine upstanding man who died doing his duty. The braiding removed doubt caused by features smeared with froth and clotted blood—Staff Captain Anderson had reported to the Master of all good mariners.

We took a silent farewell of our late Purser. His long life afloat had ended in martydom; a genial and kindly spirit had crossed the bar.

The third part of this journey was even more painful. Here was all that remained of many I knew and could recognise. A great theatrical manager alone appeared peaceful in death. There was not the faintest protest visible in the mute features.

Let all men who are in doubt as to their proper duty in the hour of their country's need turn to this most gruesome page in history. They will find there illuminated in capitals of blood, a new watchword for the British Empire—*LUSITANIA*.

CAP AND BELLS



A MILITARY CUT.

THE WIFE (purchasing new gown): "Of course, it's quite nice, but there is nothing military about the cut of it."

THE HUSBAND: "On the contrary, it reminds me of a series of tight corners, very difficult to get out of."

* * * * * *

STRICT OBEDIENCE.

The Johnsons had an old hen which insisted upon neglecting her comfortable nest to lay a daily egg in the coal-cellar.

"I can't think," fretted Mrs. Johnson, as she and her small son, Joe, hunted for that particular egg, "why this one hen insists upon using the coal-cellar."

"Why, that's easy, mother," exclaimed Joe in astonishment. "I s'pose she's seen the sign: 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.'"

AWAY WITH IT!

WAITER: "And will you take macaroni à *l'Italienne*, sir?"

CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY: "No macaroni, thanks; it's too difficult to mobilise."

* * * *

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

The line has broken—
Broken beyond all hope.
Mary Ann dropped the soap,
And Sarah ceased to sing
And cried: "Oh, drat the thing!"
For, as it broke, it let
A long, long row of wet
New-washed clothes, white as snow,
Down to the mud below.

The line has broken!
But not the British line!
It bore an evil sign,
Branded for all to see,
With "Made in Germany."
So, Mary Ann, rejoice!
Sarah, lift up your voice!
Clothes can be washed again,
And why need you complain?
The German line has broken!

T. O'Meare.

* * * *

SHARING THE GUILT.

PHYSICIAN (to patient): "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held."

PATIENT (testily): "Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

SLACKER: "Should I look well in oils, miss?"
PATRIOTIC MAIDEN: "You'd look much better in khaki."

HE NEEDED WATCHING.

MUSIC TEACHER: "Your son is improving, but when he gets to the scales I have to watch him very closely."

MAMMA: "Th t's just like his father. He made his money in the grocery business."

* * * * *

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

DISTRICT VISITOR (after reading letter from absent son): "And what will you do with the striped kimono your son says he is sending home?"

RUSTIC MOTHER: "No wonder you ask, miss! I suppose I'll just have to keep it chained up in the backyard, or put it in one of the pigsties; but what I'll feed it on, goodness only knows!"

PROFANITY BARRED.

The manager of the music-hall was testing the abilities of a few candidates for stage honours, and had occasion to turn down one of the would-be funny men.

"Your songs won't do for me," he said; "I can't allow any profanity in my theatre."

"But I don't use profanity," was the reply.

"No," said the manager, "but the audience would."

* * * * *

A FAILING LIGHT.

"I can't understand Jimmy and his wife falling out. She used to call him the light of her life."

"Yes, she did; but he went out too often."

INQUISITIVE FEMALE: "Now, porter, tell me, why aren't you serving at the Front?"
PERSPIRING PORTER: "Me, miss! I can't. I got a weak heart."

A SHADY AFFAIR.

A very stout old lady, strolling in the park on a remarkably hot day, became aware that she was being followed by a tramp.

"What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she demanded indignantly.

The tramp hung back a little, but when the lady resumed her walk, again took up his position directly behind her.

"Look here," she exclaimed angrily, "if you don't go away I shall call a policeman!"

"For heaven's sake, kind lady," urged the tramp appealingly, "have mercy on me, and don't call a policeman. You're the only bit of shade in the park."

A MOVABLE EVENT.

An old Scottish gentleman who was a great enthusiast on the golf links and a young man who was equally enthusiastic about the game had spent the entire day at the club, and had had some remarkably close and exciting games.

As they left for home the old man remarked, while his rugged face lighted up with a pleasant smile:

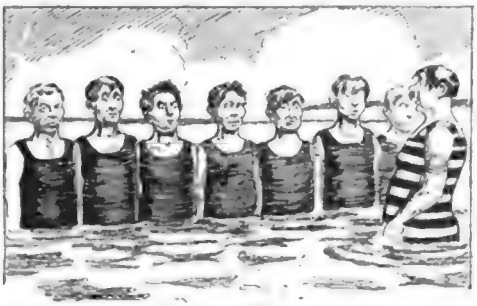
"Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," assented the young man.

"Think ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," answered the young man reflectively, "I was going to be married, but I can put it off."

WHY NOT BATHING DRILL?



"Squad! Fo-r-r-m!—

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death, and d n't know whether it was a mo'or-car or something resembling a motor-car that hit you."

"It resembled one all right," the plaintiff made answer. "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

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HIS NATURAL DIET.

The dandy sauntered into the village shop and asked with an offensively supercilious air:

"Do you sell puppy biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," said the shopman suavely. "Shall I put them in a bag for you to take home, or will you eat them here?"

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HEADS OR TAILS?

The two British sailors had secured tickets for the dog show and were gazing at a Skye terrier which had so much hair that it looked more like a woollen rug than a dog.

"Which end is 'is head, Bill?" asked one.

"Blowed if I know," was the reply. "But 'ere, I'll stick a pin in 'im, and you look which end barks."

• • •

NOT GUILTY!

It was during a little quarrel. His wife had been talking for ten minutes without a stop, and the end came only when she asserted vehemently: "There, I hope I've made myself plain!"

"Made yourself plain, my dear!" he replied. "Why, bless your heart, I didn't know you had anything to do with it. I thought you were born like that."

THE CABBY'S CURE.

The cabby regarded the broken-down taxi with a gleam of delight, but did not speak. The chauffeur began operations on his machine. He turned and twisted it, and banged it, and screwed it, but to no avail, and still the cabby spoke not. Then the chauffeur wiped his brow, and the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over.

"'Ere," he exclaimed grimly, holding out his whip; "'ere yer are, mister; 'it 'im with this!"

• • •

MISLEADING!

TOURIST: "How far is it to the village of Snoreham?"

NATIVE: "Foive mile, sir. But you be walking away from it."

TOURIST: "But the sign-post directed me this way."

NATIVE: "Ah, yes! But we've had all the sign-posts turned round to fool them Zeppelins."

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BARELY CREDIBLE.

A Cockney angler, thinking his Highland boatman was not treating him with the respect due to his station, expostulated thus: "Look here, my good man, you don't seem to grasp who I am. Do you know that my family have been entitled to bear arms for the last two hundred years?"

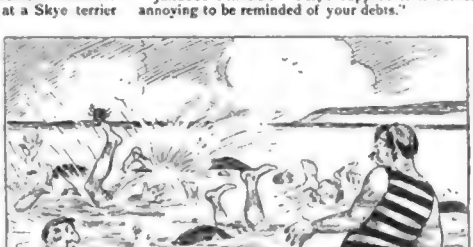
"Hoots! that's naething," was the reply. "My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for the last two thousand years."

• • • • •

A PERPETUAL REMINDER.

PROUD MOTHER: "I almost wish we hadn't named our boy William. Everybody calls him Bill, and I hate that name."

JEALOUS FRIEND: "Yes, I suppose it is rather annoying to be reminded of your debts."



—Two Deep!"

NO COMPULSORY SERVICE.

A lady, having unexpectedly come into a fortune, set up a country home near a big city, where she lived in great style. One day she was showing some of her old friends about the place, and they came to the poultry yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowls!" haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" one of the visitors asked.

"Oh, they could, of course, but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so!"

• •

PARTNERS IN INIQUITY.

"Thomas," said mother severely, "someone has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry."

Tommy blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Thomas," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Tommy; "part of it's in Elsie."

• •

HE HAD THE MONOPOLY.

A man wearing a worried look went into a shop which advertised a patent slug exterminator, and asked for a hundredweight.

"Certainly, sir," said the amazed assistant, "but that quantity would be sufficient to destroy all the slugs in Surrey."

"I know that," was the reply. "They are all in my garden."

• •

A MARTYR TO MANNERS.

When unexpected company came to dinner, little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters.

The young lady was much flattered at her share in this sacrifice to hospitality, and was apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her plate. Holding it up in the spoon, she inquired in a stage whisper:

"Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"

CONSISTENT.

SERJEANT (disgustedly to Private Jones): "Ugh! don't waste your last bullet. Nineteen are quite enough to blaze away without hitting the target once. Go behind that wall and blow your brains out."

Jones walked quietly away, and a few seconds later a shot rang out.

"Great Scot! the fool's done what I told him!" howled the sergeant, running behind the wall. Great was his relief when he saw Jones coming towards him.

"Sorry, sergeant," he said, apologetically; "another miss."

• •

THE CIVIL LIST.

Pat has always been celebrated the world over for his repartee.

It happened that a warship touched at a military port on the coast of Ireland, and a "Tommy," meeting a full-bearded Irish "tar" in the street, accosted him with:

"Here, I say, Pat, when are you goin' to put those whiskers of yours on the reserve list?"

Pat turned and eyed his questioner thoughtfully for the space of half-a-second, then:

"Begorra, just as soon as ever you place your own tongue on the civil list," was his reply.

• •

A TALL ORDER

"I'll give you a position as clerk to start with," said the merchant, "and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the college graduate, "but—er—do you think the firm can afford it?"

• • • • •

ACTIVE SERVICE.

ALGY'S MOTHER: "I suppose yer gettin' a good fee, sir, fer attendin' to the rich Smith boy?"

DOCTOR: "Well, yes, I get a pretty good fee; but why are you asking?"

ALGY'S MOTHER: "Well, I hope yer won't forget that my little Algy threw the brick that 'it him?"

INNOCENT DAMSEL: "Does your wife ever scold when you have been out late at the theatre?"

GALLANT ESCORT: "Never! She merely gets up at five o'clock next morning and practises on the piano, and I daren't say a word."

"IF WE'D BEEN MEANT TO"

AUNT MARTHA'S VIEWS.

The frenth periscope would have been forestalled as above.
If we'd been meant to swim, fins would have been provided.
If we'd been meant to fly, aeroplanes would have been unnecessary.
Likewise there'd have been more 'smoky chimneys' if we'd been meant to smoke.
Anyway we are glad Auntie isn't fitted out according to her views.
The megaphone mouth.
And what about Uncle if he'd been meant to cycle!
Reg F. S. Is

For The Children In War Time

Miss Phyllis Monkman, of the Alhambra Theatre, has very kindly consented to appeal this year in the ROYAL on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund—the Children's Charity. It exists, as most readers of the ROYAL know, to send City children to the country in the summer time. Ninepence pays for a day's holiday for one child. £8 2s. pays for a party of 200, with necessary attendants, and ten shillings sends a child to the country for a fortnight. All working expenses are borne by the promoters, and the whole of the money subscribed directly benefits the children. Please send subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Subscriptions are acknowledged in the Editor's Page (*see p. 480*).—Ed. R.M.

THE other day a photographer came to see me just as I was rolling the lawn. I think he wanted me to pose. "If you want a photo of me, you had better take it here and now," I said. "Otherwise I will come to your studio on the next wet day."

I wasn't going to cut short the little time I have for fresh air and exercise, even to oblige a photographer. So he took the photo there and then. Here it is. What do you think of it?

It is when I am pottering about in my garden that my thoughts fly oftenest to the poor little city children who have to endure the stuffiness of the towns from year's end to year's end without a break.

Have you a garden? If so—well, you see the moral, don't you? And if you once start thinking about them you will probably want to help. When you remember that for every ninepence you can send, one poor child will spend a day of wild happiness in the Garden of Nature, I believe you will go straight into the house and send me a donation.

I am ever so grateful to those kind friends who have already sent me money on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund. And particularly I want to thank my friends in the Services. I have received a number of such charming letters from our fighting men. Sometimes the subscriptions have been sent in franc notes as the writers were unable to obtain any English postal orders. I think it's most awfully sporting of them to send money when they must have so much else to think about. I am not going to publish any of their letters because I think this would be a breach of faith—they were so delightfully personal. But here is an extract from one which came from a sailor at the Dardanelles, inclosing a subscription.

> "The generous public are doing so much for us and the Army that it's really up to us to look after the kiddies - especially as so many of them belong to us. In a way it's like sending the money for our own kiddies."

You see the point—there are so many children of soldiers and sailors in our towns and cities that if you send a subscription to the Fresh Air Fund you are bound to benefit the children of our heroes.

Phyllis Monkman

The HOLE In The TREE

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Tug Blackstock was the Deputy-Sheriff of Nipsiwaska County, and assisted by his clever police dog, Jim, gave short shrift to wrong-doers in the backwoods. The following story describes how he discovered the author of a series of thefts that had long been troubling the community.

I

It was Woolly Billy who discovered the pile—notes and silver, with a few stray gold pieces—so snugly hidden under the fish-hawk's nest.

The fish-hawk's nest was in the crotch of the old, half-dead rock-maple on the shore of the desolate little lake which lay basking in the flat-lands about a mile back, behind Brine's Rip Mills.

As the fish hawk is one of the most estimable of all the wilderness folk, both brave and inoffensive, troubling no one except the fat and lazy fish that swarmed in the lake below, and as he is protected by a superstition of the backwoodsmen, who say it brings ill-luck to disturb the domestic arrangements of a fish-hawk,' the big nest, conspicuous for miles about, was never disturbed by even the most amiable curiosity.

But Woolly Billy, not fully acclimatised to the backwoods tradition and superstition, and uninformed as to the firmness and decision with which the fish-hawks are apt to resent any intrusion, had long hankered to explore the mysteries of that great nest. One morning he made up his mind to try it.

Tug Blackstock, Deputy-Sheriff of Nipsiwaska County, was away for a day or two, and old Mrs. Amos, his housekeeper, was too deaf and rheumatic to "fuss herself" greatly about the "goings-on" of so fantastic a child as Woolly Billy, so long as she knew he had Jim to look after him. This serves to explain how a small boy like Woolly Billy, his seven-years-and-nine-months resting

lightly on his amazingly fluffy shock of pale flaxen curls, could be trotting off down the lonely backwoods trail with no companion or guardian but a big, black dog.

Woolly Billy was familiar with the mossy old trail to the lake, and did not linger upon it. Reaching the shore, he wasted no time throwing sticks in for Jim to retrieve, but, in spite of the dog's eager invitations to this pastime, made his way along the dry edge between undergrowth and water till he came to the bluff. Pushing laboriously through the hot, aromatic-scented tangle of bushes, he climbed to the foot of the old maple, which looked dwarfed by the burden of the huge nest carried in its crotch.

Woolly Billy was an expert tree-climber, but this great trunk presented new problems. Twice he went round it, finding no likely spot to begin. Then, certain roughnesses tempted him, and he succeeded in drawing himself up several feet. Serene in the consciousness of his good intentions, he struggled on. He gained perhaps another foot. Then he stuck. He pulled hard upon a ragged edge of bark, trying to work his way further around the trunk. A patch of bark came away suddenly in his grip and he fell backwards with a startled cry.

He fell plump on Jim, rolled off into the bushes, picked himself up, shook the hair out of his eyes and stood staring up at a round hole in the trunk where the patch of bark had been.

A hole in a tree is always interesting. It suggests such possibilities. Forgetting his scratches, Woolly Billy made haste to climb up again, in spite of Jim's protests. He peered eagerly into the hole. But he could see nothing. And he was cautious—for one could never tell what lived in a hole like that—or what the occupant, if there happened to be any, might have to say to an intruder. He would not venture his hand into the unknown. He slipped down, got a bit of stick, and thrust *that* into the hole. There was no result, but he learnt that the hole was shallow. He stirred the stick about. There came a slight jingling sound in return.

Woolly Billy withdrew the stick and thought for a moment. He reasoned that a thing that jingled was not at all likely to bite. He dropped the stick and cautiously inserted his hand to the full length of his little arm. His fingers grasped something which felt more or less familiar, and he drew forth a bank-note and several silver coins.

Woolly Billy's eyes grew very round and large as he stared at his handful. He was sure that money did not grow in hollow trees. Tug Blackstock kept *his* money in an old black wallet. Woolly Billy liked money because it bought peppermints, and molasses candy, and gingerpop. But this money was plainly not his. He reluctantly put it back into the hole.

Thoughtfully he climbed down. He knew that money was such a desirable thing that it led some people—bad people whom Tug Blackstock hated—to steal what did not belong to them. He picked up the patch of bark and laboriously fitted it back into its place over the hole, lest some of these bad people should find the money and appropriate it.

"Not a word, now, not one single word," he admonished Jim, "till Tug comes home. We'll tell him all about it."

II.

It was five o'clock in the sleepy summer afternoon, and the flies buzzed drowsily among the miscellaneous articles that graced the windows of the Corner Store. The mills had shut down early, because the supply of logs was running low in the boom, and no more could be expected until there should be a rise of water. Some half-dozen of the mill hands were sitting about the store on nail-kegs and soap-boxes, while Zeb Smith, the proprietor, swung his long legs lazily from the edge of the littered counter.

Woolly Billy came in with a piece of silver in his little fist to buy a packet of tea for Mrs. Amos. Jim, not liking the smoke, stayed outside on the plank sidewalk, and snapped at flies. The child, who was regarded as the mascot of Brine's Rip Mills, was greeted with a fire of solemn chaff, which he received with an impartial urbanity.

"Oh, quit coddin' the kiddie, an' don't try to be so smart," growled Long Jackson, the Magadavy river-man, lifting his gaunt length from a pile of axe-handles, and thrusting his fist deep into his trousers' pocket. "Here, Zeb, give me a box of peppermints for Woolly Billy. He hain't been in to see us this long while."

He pulled out a handful of coins and dollar bills, and proceeded to select a silver bit from the collection. The sight was too much for Woolly Billy, bursting with his secret.

"*I* know where there's *lots* more money like that," he blurted out proudly, "in a hole in a tree."

During the past twelve months or more there had been thefts of money, usually of

petty sums, in Brine's Rip Mills and the neighbourhood, and all Tug Blackstock's detective skill had failed to gain the faintest clue to the perpetrator. Suspicions there had been, but all had vanished into thin air at the touch of investigation. Woolly Billy's amazing statement, therefore, was like a little bombshell in the shop.

Everyone of his audience stiffened up with intense interest.

One swarthy, keen-featured, slim-waisted, half-Indian-looking fellow, with the shapely hands and feet that mark so many of the Indian mixed-bloods, was sitting on a bale of homespun behind Long Jackson, and smoking solemnly with half-closed lids. His eyes opened wide for a fraction of a second, and darted one searching glance at the child's face. Then he dropped his lids slowly once more till the eyes were all but closed. The others all stared eagerly at Woolly Billy.

Pleased with the interest he had excited, Woolly Billy glanced about him, and shook back his mop of pale curls self-consciously.

"*Lots* more!" he repeated. "Big handfuls."

Then he remembered his discretion, his resolve to tell no one but Tug Blackstock about his discovery. Seeking to change the subject, he beamed upon Long Jackson.

"Thank you, Long," he said politely. "I *love* peppermints. An' Jim loves them, too."

"*Where* did you say that hole in the tree was?" asked Long Jackson, reaching for the box that held the peppermints, and ostentatiously filling a generous paper-bag.

Woolly Billy looked apologetic and deprecating.

"Please, Long, if you don't mind *very* much, I can't tell anybody but Tug Blackstock *that*."

Jackson laid the bag of peppermints a little to one side, as if to convey that their transfer was contingent upon Woolly Billy's behaviour.

The child looked wistfully at the coveted sweets; then his red lips compressed themselves with decision and resentment.

"I won't tell anybody but Tug Blackstock, *of course*," said he. "An' I don't want any peppermints, thank you, Long."

He picked up his package of tea and turned to leave the shop, angry at himself for having spoken of the secret and angry at Jackson for trying to get ahead of Tug Blackstock. Jackson, looking annoyed at the rebuff, extended his leg and closed the door. Woolly Billy's blue eyes blazed. One of the other men strove to propitiate him.

"Oh, come on, Woolly Billy," he urged coaxingly, "don't git riled at Long. You an' him's pals, ye know. We're all pals o' yourn, an' of Tug. An' there ain't no harm *at all*, at all, in yer showin' us this 'ere traysure what you've lit onto. Besides, you know there's likely some o' that there traysure belongs to us 'uns here. Come on now, an' take us to yer hole in the tree."

"Ye ain't agoin' to git out o' this here store, Woolly Billy, I tell ye that, till ye promise to take us to it right off," said Long Jackson sharply.

Woolly Billy was not alarmed in the least by this threat. But he was so furious that for a moment he could not speak. He could do nothing but stand glaring up at Long Jackson with such fiery defiance that the good-natured mill-hand almost relented. But it chanced that he was one of the sufferers, and he was in a hurry to get his money back. At this point the swarthy woodsman on the bale of homespun opened his narrow eyes once again, took the pipe from his mouth, and spoke up.

"Quit plaguin' the kid, Long," he drawled. "The cash'll be all there when Tug Blackstock gits back, an' it'll save a lot of trouble an' misunderstandin', havin' him to see to dividin' it up fair an' square. Let Woolly Billy out."

Long Jackson shook his head obstinately, and opened his mouth to reply, but at this moment Woolly Billy found his voice.

"Let me out! Let me out! *Let me out!*" he screamed shrilly, stamping his feet and clenching his little fists.

Instantly a heavy body was hurled upon the outside of the door, striving to break it in.

Zeb Smith swung his long legs down from the counter hurriedly.

"The kid's right, an' Black Dan's right. Open the door, Long, an' do it quick. I don't want that there dawg comin' through the winder. An' he'll be doin' it, too, in half a jiff."

"Git along, then, Woolly, if ye insist on it. But no more peppermints, mind," growled Jackson, throwing open the door and stepping back discreetly. As he did so, Jim came in with a rush, just saving himself from knocking Woolly Billy over. One swift glance assured him that the child was all right, but very angry about something.

"It's all right, Jim. Come with me," said Woolly Billy, tugging at the animal's collar. And the pair stalked away haughtily side by side.

III.

Tug Blackstock arrived the next morning about eleven. Before he had time to sit down for a cup of that strenuous black tea which the woodsmen consume at all hours, he had heard from Woolly Billy's eager lips the story of the hole in the tree beneath the fish-hawk's nest. He heard also of the episode at Zeb Smith's store, but Woolly Billy by this time had quite forgiven Long Jackson, so the incident was told in such a way that Blackstock had no reason to take offence.

"Long tried *hard*," said the child, "to get me to tell where that hole was, but I *wouldn't*. And Black Dan was awful nice, an' made him stop botherin' me, an' said I was quite right not to tell *anybody* till you came home, coz you'd know just what to do."

"H'm!" said the Deputy-Sheriff thoughtfully, "Long's had a lot of money stole from him, so, of course, he wanted to git his eyes onto that hole quick. But 'tain't like Black Dan to be that thoughtful. Maybe he *hasn't* had none taken."

While he was speaking, a bunch of the mill-hands arrived at the door, word of Blackstock's return having gone through the village.

"We want to go an' help ye find that traysure, Tug," said Long Jackson, glancing somewhat sheepishly at Woolly Billy. A friendly grin from the child reassured him, and he went on with more confidence:

"We tried to git the kiddie to tell us where 'twas, but wild steers wouldn't drag it out o' him till you got back."

"That's right, Long," agreed Blackstock, "but it don't need to be no expedition. We don't want the whole village traipsin' after us. You an' three or four more o' the boys that's lost money come along, with Woolly Billy an' me, an' the rest o' you meet us at the store in about a couple o' hours' time. Tell any other folks you see that I don't want 'em follerin' after us, because it may mix up things—an' anyways, I don't want it, see!"

After a few moments' hesitation and consultation the majority of the mill-hands turned away, leaving Long Jackson and big Andy Stevens, the blue-eyed giant from the Ontario (who had been one of the chief victims), and MacDonald, and Black Saunders, and Black Dan (whose name had been Dan Black till the whim of the woodsmen turned it about). Blackstock eyed them appraisingly.

"I didn't know as *you'd* bin one o' the victims too, Dan," he remarked.

"Didn't ye, Tug?" returned Black with a short laugh. "Well, I didn't say nawthin about it, coz I was after doin' a leetle detective work on me own, an' mebbe I'd 'ave got in ahead o' ye if Woolly Billy here hadn't 'a' been so smart. But I tell ye, Tug, if that there traysure's the lot we're thinkin' it is, there'd ought ter be a five-dollar bill in it what I've marked."

"H'm!" grunted the Deputy, hastily gulping down the last of his tea, and rising to his feet. "But Woolly Billy an' me *and* Jim's a combination pretty hard to git ahead of, I'm thinkin'."

As the party neared the bluff whereon the tree of the fish-hawk's nest stood ragged against the sky, the air grew rank with the pungent odour of skunk. Now skunks were too common in the region of Brine's Rip Mills for that smell, as a rule, to excite any more comment than an occasional disgusted execration when it became too concentrated. But to-day it drew more than passing attention. MacDonald sniffed intently.

"It's deuced queer," said he, "but I've noticed that there's always been a smell of skunk round when anybody's lost anything. Did it ever strike you that way, Tug?"

"Yes, some!" assented the Deputy curtly.

"It's a skunk, all right, that's been takin' our money," said big Andy, "ef he *don't* carry his tail over his back."

Everyone of the party was sniffing the tainted air as if the familiar stench were some rare perfume—all but Jim. He had had an encounter with a skunk, once in his impulsive puppy days, and the memory was too painful to be dwelt upon.

As they climbed the slope, one of the fish-hawks came swooping down from somewhere high in the blue, and began circling on slow wings about the nest.

"That cross old bird doesn't like visitors," remarked Woolly Billy.

"You wouldn't, neether, Woolly Billy, if you was a fish-hawk," said Jackson.

Arrived at the tree, Woolly Billy pointed eagerly to a slightly broken piece of bark a little above the height of the Deputy's head.

"*There's* the hole!" he cried, clapping his hands in his excitement as if relieved to find it had not vanished.

"Keep off a bit now, boys," cautioned Blackstock. Drawing his long hunting-knife, he carefully loosened the bark without letting his hand come in contact with it, and on the point of the blade laid it aside against the foot of the trunk.

He slipped his hand into the hole, and felt about. A look of chagrin came over his face, and he withdrew his hand—empty. "Nothin' there!" said he . . . glancing slowly around the circle of disappointed faces. [*Page 473, col. 1.*]

"Don't any of you tech it," he admonished.

Then he slipped his hand into the hole, and felt about.

A look of chagrin came over his face, and he withdrew his hand—empty.

"Nothin' there!" said he.

"It was there yesterday morning," protested Woolly Billy, his blue eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, yes, of course," agreed Blackstock, glancing slowly around the circle of disappointed faces.

"Somebody from the store's been blabbin'," exclaimed Black Dan, in a loud and angry voice.

"An' why not?" protested Big Andy, with a guilty air. "We never said nawthin' about keepin' it a secret."

In spite of their disappointment, the mill-hands laughed. Big Andy was not one to keep a secret in any case, and his weakness for a certain pretty widow who kept the post-office was common comment. Big Andy responded by blushing to the roots of his blonde hair.

"Jim!" commanded the Deputy. And the big black dog bounded up to him, his eyes bright with expectation. The Deputy picked him up, and held him aloft with his muzzle to the edges of the hole.

"Smell that," he ordered, and Jim sniffed intently. Then he set him down, and directed him to the piece of bark. That, too, Jim's nose investigated minutely, his feathered tail slowly wagging.

"Seek him," ordered Blackstock.

Jim whined, looked puzzled, and sniffed again at the bark. The information which his subtle nose picked up there was extremely confusing. First, there was the smell of skunk—but that smell of skunk was everywhere, dulling the keenness of his discrimination. Then, there was a faint, faint reminiscence of Woolly Billy. But there was Woolly Billy, at Tug Blackstock's side. Certainly, there could be no reason for him to seek Woolly Billy. Then there was an elusive, tangled scent, which for some moments defied him. At last, however, he got a clue to it. With a pleased bark—his way of saying "Eureka!"—he whipped about, trotted over to big Andy Stevens, sat down in front of him, and gazed up at him, with tongue hanging and an air of friendly inquiry, as much as to say: "Here I am, Andy. But I don't know what Tug Blackstock wants me to seek you for, seein' as you're right here alongside him."

Big Andy dropped his hand on the dog's head familiarly; then noticing the sudden tense silence of the party, his eyes grew very big and round.

"What're you all starin' at *me* fer, boys?" he demanded, with a sort of uneasy wonder.

"Ax Jim," responded Black Dan, harshly.

"I reckon old Jim's makin' a mistake fer once, Tug," drawled Long Jackson, who was Andy's special pal.

The Deputy rubbed his lean chin reflectively. There could be no one more above suspicion in his eyes than this transparently honest young giant from the Oromocto. But Jim's curious action had scattered to the winds, at least for a moment, a sort of hypothesis which he had been building up in his mind. At the same time, he felt dimly that a new clue was being held out to him, if he could only grasp it. He wanted time to think.

"We kin all make mistakes," he announced sententiously. "Come here, Jim. Seek 'im, boy, seek 'im." And he waved his hand at large.

Jim bounced off with a joyous yelp, and began quartering the ground, hither and thither, all about the tree. Big Andy, at a complete loss for words, stood staring from one to another with eyes of indignant and incredulous reproach.

Suddenly a yelp of triumph was heard in the bushes, a little way down towards the lake, and Jim came racing back with a dark magenta article in his mouth. At the foot of the tree he stopped, and looked at Blackstock interrogatively. Receiving no sign whatever from his master, whose face had lit up for an instant, but was now as impassive as a hitching-post, he stared at Black Dan for a few seconds, and then let his eyes wander back to Andy's face. In the midst of his obvious hesitation the Oromocto man stepped forward.

"Durned ef that ain't one o' my old mittens," he exclaimed eagerly, "what Sis knit fer me. I've been lookin' fer 'em everywheres. Bring it here, Jim."

As the dog trotted up with it obediently, the Deputy intervened and stopped him. "You shall have it bime-by, Andy," said he, "ef it's yourn. But jest now I don't want nobody to tech it except Jim. Ef you acknowledge it's yourn——"

"*Of course* it's mine," interrupted Andy resentfully. "An' I want to find the other one."

"So do I," said Blackstock. "Drop it, Jim. Go find the other mitt."

As Jim went ranging once more through

the bushes, the whole party moved around to the other side of the tree to get out of the downpour of the noon sun. As they passed the magenta mitten Black Dan picked it up and examined it ostentatiously.

"How do ye know it's *yourn*, Andy?" he demanded. "There's lots of magenta mitts in the world, I reckon."

Tug Blackstock turned upon him.

"I said I didn't want no one to tech that mitt," he snapped.

"Oh, beg pardon, Tug," said Dan, dropping the mitt. "I forgot. 'Spose it might kind o' confuse Jim's scent, gittin' another smell besides Andy's on to it."

"It might," replied the Deputy coolly, "an' then agin, it mightn't."

For a little while everyone was quiet, listening to Jim as he crashed about through the bushes, and confidently but unreasonably expecting him to reappear with the other mitten. Or, at least, that was what Big Andy and Woolly Billy expected. The Deputy, at least, did not. At last he spoke.

"I agree with Mac here, boys," said he, "that there may be somethin' more'n skunk in this skunk smell. We'll jest look into it a bit. You all keep back a ways—an' you, Long, jest keep an eye on Woolly Billy ef ye don't mind, while I go on with Jim."

He whistled in the dog, and directed his attention to a spot at the foot of the tree exactly beneath the hole. Jim sniffed hard at the spot, then looked up at his master with tail drooping despondently.

"Yes, I know it's skunk, plain skunk," agreed the Deputy. "But I want him. Seek him, Jim—*seek him*, boy."

Thus reassured, Jim's tail went up again. He started off through the bushes, down towards the lake, with his master close behind him. The rest of the party followed thirty paces or so behind.

The trail led straight down to the lake's edge. Here Jim stopped short.

"*That* skunk's a kind o' water-baby," remarked Long Jackson.

"Oh, do you think so?" queried Woolly Billy, much interested.

"Of course," answered Jackson. "Don't you see he's took to the water? Now, yer common, no-account skunk hates wettin' his fur like pizen."

The Deputy examined the hard, white sand at the water's edge. It showed faint traces of moccasined feet. He pursed his lips. It was an old game, but a good one, this breaking a trail by going into the water. He had no way of deciding whether his quarry had turned up the lake shore or down towards the outlet. He guessed at the latter as the more likely alternative.

Jim trotted slowly ahead, sniffing every foot of ground along the water's edge. As they approached the outlet the shore became muddy, and Jackson swung Woolly Billy up on to his shoulder. Once in the outlet, the foreshore narrowed to a tiny strip of bare rock between the water and an almost perpendicular bank covered with shrubs and vines. All at once the smell of skunk, which had been almost left behind, returned upon the air with fresh pungency. Blackstock stopped short and scanned the bank with narrowed eyes.

A second or two later, Jim yelped his signal, and his tail went up. He sniffed eagerly across the ribbon of rock, and then leapt at the face of the bank.

The Deputy called him off and hurried to the spot. The rest of the party, much excited, closed up to within four or five paces, when a wave of the Deputy's hand checked them.

"Phew!" ejaculated Black Dan, holding his nose. "There's a skunk hole in that there bank. Ye'll be gittin' somethin' in the eye, Tug, ef ye don't keep off."

Blackstock, who was busy pulling apart the curtain of vines, paid no attention, but Long Jackson answered sarcastically:

"Ye call yerself a woodsman, Dan," said he, "an' ye don't know that the hole where a skunk lives *don't* smell any. Yer *real* skunk's quite a gentleman and keeps his home always clean an' tidy. Tug Blackstock ain't a-goin' to git nawthin' in the eye."

"Well, I reckon we'd better smoke," said Black Dan amiably, pulling out his pipe and filling it. And the others followed his example.

Blackstock thrust his hand into a shallow hole in the bank quite hidden by the foliage. He drew out a pair of moccasins, water-soaked, and hurriedly set them down on the rock. For all their soaking, they reeked of skunk. He picked up one on the point of a stick and examined it minutely. In spite of all the soaking, the sole, to his initiated eye, still bore traces of that viscous, oily liquid which no water will wash off—the strangling exudation of the skunk's defensive glands. It was just what he had expected. The moccasin was neat and slim and of medium size—not more than eight at most. He held it up, that all might see it clearly.

"Does this belong to you, Andy Stevens?" he asked.

There was a jeer from the group, and Big Andy held up an enormous foot, which might, by courtesy, have been numbered a thirteen. It was a point upon which the Oromocto man was usually sensitive, but to-day he was proud of it.

"Ye'll hev to play Cinderel'a, Tug, an find out what leetle foot it fits on to," suggested MacDonald.

The Deputy fished again in the hole. He drew forth a magenta mitten, dropped it promptly, then held it up on the point of his stick at arm's length. It had been with the moccasins. Big Andy stepped forward to claim it, then checked himself.

"It's a mite too strong fer me now," he protested. "I'll hev to git Sis to knit me another pair, I guess."

Blackstock dropped the offensive thing beside the moccasins at his feet, and reached once more into the hole.

"He ain't takin' no risks this time, boys," said Blackstock. "He's took the swag with him."

There was a growl of disappointment. Long Jackson could not refrain from a reproachful glance at Woolly Billy, but refrained from saying the obvious.

"What are ye goin' to do about it, Tug?" demanded Black Dan. "Hev ye got any kind of a *reel* clue, d'ye think, now?"

"Wait an' see," was Blackstock's non-committal reply. He picked up the moccasins and mitten again on the point of his stick, scanned the bank sharply to make sure his quarry had not gone that way, and led the procession once more down along the rocky shore of the stream. "Seek him," he said again to Jim, and the dog, as before, trotted on ahead, sniffing along by the water's edge to intercept the trail of whoever had stepped ashore.

The party emerged at length upon the bank of the main stream, and turned upwards towards Brine's Rip. After they had gone about half-a-mile they rounded a bend and came in sight of a violent rapid which cut close inshore. At this point it would be obviously impossible for anyone walking in the shallow water to avoid coming out upon dry ground. Tug Blackstock quickened his pace, and waved Jim forward.

A sharp oath broke from Black Dan's lips.

"I've been an' gone an' left my 'baccy-pooch behind, by the skunk's hole," he announced. And grumbling under his breath he turned back down the shore.

Blackstock ran on, as if suddenly in a great hurry. Just where the shallow water ended, at the foot of the rapid, Jim gave his signal with voice and tail. He raced up the bank to a clump of bushes and began thrashing about in them.

"What d'ye suppose he's found there?" asked Big Andy.

"Scent, and lots of it. No mistake this time," announced MacDonald. "Hain't ye caught on to Jim's signs yet?"

"Jim," said the Deputy, sharply but not loud, "*fetch him!*"

Jim, with nose in air instead of to the ground, set off at a gallop down the shore in the direction of the outlet.

The Deputy turned about.

"Dan," he shouted peremptorily. "Come back here. I want ye!"

Instead of obeying, Black Dan dashed up the bank, running like a deer, and vanished into the bushes.

"*I knew it!* That's the skunk, boys. Go home, you Billy!" cried Blackstock, and started after the fugitive. The rest followed close on his heels. But Jackson cried:

"Ye'd better call off Jim quick. Dan's got a gun on him."

The Deputy gave a shrill whistle, and Jim, who was just vanishing into the bush, stopped short. At the same instant a shot rang out from the bushes, and the dog dropped in his tracks with a howl of anguish.

Blackstock's lean jaws set themselves like iron. He whipped out his own heavy "Colt's," and the party tore on, till they met Jim dragging himself towards them with a wounded hind-leg trailing pitifully.

The Deputy gave one look at the big black dog, heaved a breath of relief, and stopped.

"'Tain't no manner o' use chasin him now, boys," he decreed, "because, as we all know, Dan kin run right away from the best runner amongst us. But now I know him—an' I've suspicioned him this two month, only I couldn't git no clue—*I'll git him*, never you fear. Jest now, ye'd better help me carry Jim home, so's we kin git him doctored up in good shape. I reckon Nipsiwaska County can't afford to lose Mr. Assistant-Deputy Sheriff. That there skunk-oil on Dan's moccasins fooled *both* Jim an' me, good an' plenty, didn't it?"

"But whatever did he want o' my mitts?" demanded Big Andy.

"Now ye *air* a sap-head, Andy Stevens," answered MacDonald, "ef ye can't see *that!*"

: SOMETHING DOING :

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide,
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!"

By R. S. Warren Bell.

I.

"No thieves," said Newman—"being, as I'm told, all in the Army, good luck to 'em—no signalling, no Zeps. In fact, nothing doing."

He sneezed.

"Except, perhaps, that I've caught a beast of a cold."

Newman was my "mate" in the Special Police, and we were out on a "nine to one" duty. For nine months—for we had joined at the commencement of the war—we had been tramping the quiet streets and the quieter country roads of Littlebeach, near neighbour to Bigbeach, the popular seaside resort. In our rounds we took in such places as the sewerage works, the cemetery, and a pumping station.

It was dull work and monotonous work, the only persons stirring during the night being the night man at the pumping station, a surly old watchman who was supposed to look after the paraphernalia connected with the making of a new road, and the bakers who worked through the night at a bake-house.

Each "watch" consisted of five "specials," four rank and file, and a sergeant or corporal. As a rule, there was one regular constable on duty in the central streets, or enjoying a mug of tea and a crack with the bakers.

By the irony of circumstance the one place of real interest and importance in our locality was not included in our patrol, this being the residence of Professor Wynn-James, the explosive expert, who spent all day and half the night in his laboratory, devising new and terrible death-dealers in the shape of shell, grenade, and bomb.

A couple of National Reservists had sentry-boxes in close proximity to the laboratory, while another stood guard at the entrance gates with fixed bayonet, and knowing how apt any kind of sentry is in these nervy times to loose off at an approaching figure that does not immediately answer his challenge, we gave the Professor and his watch-dogs a wide berth.

"You never know," I answered Newman. "The fact that we are on the alert may give misdoers pause."

Newman grinned.

"Yes," he said, "pause till we go by——"

But at that moment he himself paused, gazing far ahead. We had entered upon a raw new street known presumptuously as Prince of Wales' Avenue. The roadway wasn't made up, nor did it seem ever likely to be made up. Each side-walk consisted of an undulating mass of mud. It was nowhere near the tramway or station; worse still, it was a cruel distance from the shops, yet apparently there were people willing to live in its fastnesses. At the extreme end of it stood some houses that had been not quite finished at the outset of the war, and owing to a shortage of labour had remained so. It was our duty to flash our torches round the rooms of these incomplete domiciles, to make sure they were not being used as dormitories by tramps.

Sometimes we performed this duty, sometimes we omitted it, the extreme end of the road being such a quagmire in bad weather that it was a spot to be avoided. Newman and I had not been round the houses for at least a fortnight, and I don't suppose the other members of our section had troubled about them. For, you know, there was never a tramp to be seen in our parts in these days, and nobody else was likely to take shelter in such houses.

"See that?" asked Newman. "Thought I saw a flash."

After nine months in the Special Police one is quite used to fancies on the part of one's mates.

"Probably the old watchman chap stirring his coke fire," I replied. "Come on. Let's get done with this forsaken place!"

This was a Saturday night. Our next duty was on Wednesday from one to five, and when Newman joined me he was looking depressed and seedy. Somehow he had picked up a cold which made him very

miserable, and he groused so much as we padded about the wet streets, for rain was falling, that I told him it was a pity he had turned out at all.

At length, to the accompaniment of doleful coughs from Newman, we reached the point at which we all foregathered at the end of every hour—the porch of "Ye Wheatsheafe" inn; and in the rain it was a dismal foregathering. The sergeant of the watch, one McGinnis, a north-countryman, though a trifle rough in his ways, was a good-hearted chap.

"Here, you, Newman," he said, "get ye along home, and Barnes and I and Rory Boy will divide up your patrol."

"Well, I think I will," said Newman. "I believe I'm in for a bad go. Good-night, sergeant; good-night all." And he sludged away through the wet.

"The man was a fool to have come out," said McGinnis. "Don't get too far away, Barnes," he added to me. "I'll come the next hour with you."

I nodded. I had been out alone before, and knew quite well what to do.

I had no idea of going very far, but it suddenly occurred to me that by following the brook path I could gain the waste ground which lay between the Professor's walled-in residence and the end of Prince of Wales' Avenue, which I might as well patrol. It had stopped raining, and I turned down the collar of my oil-skin coat as a fresh breeze came sighing to me from the sea.

There was a little moon, sufficient to see by dimly. At the gateway of the first house I paused. These unfinished houses did not look inviting, but, after all, it was our duty to inspect them. Yet I did not feel too comfortable as I walked in through the doorless doorway of the first house and flashed my torch round what would one day be a snug parlour, though just now it had nothing whatever of snugness about it.

All these houses had a good room at the front on the ground floor and a similar one above it. I went into the front bedroom, and next into a little room nestling close by it. Then I turned into a room looking on to the yard. Beyond lay the bath room, and then a stretch of passage leading to another small room.

Passing down the passage, I just glanced into the bath-room, which as yet had no bath in it. The door was half ajar, and my heart gave a sudden jump as I saw, protruding a couple of inches beyond the half-open door, *a man's foot.*

Mechanically I walked on, just to collect myself. The proper sort of hero would, of course, have stepped straight into the bath-room to investigate this novelty, but the thing came on me in such a surprising way that I desired to think it over.

I had to see this through alone. It was unmistakably a live man's foot, and it belonged to somebody who was hiding behind the door, and evidently must be up to no good.

Slowly I walked back along the passage, and as I did so I felt inside my overcoat for my truncheon. At a less agitated moment I had learnt how to whip the leather loop round my wrist so as to make it practically impossible for anybody to tear the club away, but I did not recall the method now. Rather nervously I took hold of the handle of the club, and as I arrived at the bath-room door I stopped, and was about to exclaim, in as bold a tone as I could summon, "Hullo, there!" when the roof of the house seemed to come down on my head, and, with a thumping and roaring in my brain, I fell insensible to the floor.

II.

I do not suppose I was quite knocked out, for I soon had a sensation of swinging up and down, of falling this way and that way, of being head down and then feet down. Something monstrous seemed to be clawing me about and pulling me in all directions. But as I slowly emerged from all this, I became conscious of discomfort, of lying on something hard, and opening my eyes I found myself gazing upon bleak, paperless walls, just discernible in the feeble moonlight admitted by the open doors and uncurtained windows of the unfinished house. So I had done all my travelling in a three-quarter swoon; I had painfully circumnavigated the globe while lying on my back where I had dropped.

I tried to raise my head, but it hurt horribly, and I desisted from my attempt. Nevertheless, as I lifted it, perhaps, an inch, I could swear I saw some shadowy figure pass me and disappear as silently and quickly as a shadow does. A dead weight seemed to hold my head down, and I suppose I went off into a three-quarter swoon again, for I was still conscious of the hardness and discomfort of my bed. Finally I opened my eyes to find them dazzled by a bright light. I closed them again, and I imagine that a fierce throb in my head meant that I was really coming round. Then a

["SOMETHING DOING" continued overleaf.]

voice sounded, and I knew that a friend was at hand.

"Sure, it's him."

It was the voice of McGinnis, my sergeant.

I felt him breathing about me, and then something cold touched my lips.

"Take a sup of this, man."

The stiff nip of neat brandy administered by McGinnis made me cough and splutter, and pains like hot irons pierced my poor cranium, but the remedy served its purpose and brought me round.

"Sure, you're revivin'," muttered McGinnis. "A bad whack they got ye. Take a sup more."

But one was enough. I brushed the flask aside, and with an "Ah!" and a clenching of teeth—for the hot irons were at it again—and the friendly aid of McGinnis' strong arm, I sat up and blinked at the curious group that was about me.

At first I wasn't certain but that I was dreaming again, for, gazing down at me, I perceived two bakers, still in their white caps, though they had slipped their coats on, a uniformed constable, and the old watchman with whom I was accustomed to pass the time of night. And there was yet another individual in the group—McGinnis' wire-haired terrier, Rory Boy. We were friends, and he sniffed at my boots most sympathetically.

"You will be feelin' better in a moment," said McGinnis. "Our friend here"—he indicated the watchman—"it was that found ye. Saw you come in, and not seeing you come out, thought he'd look into it. Found ye here, and made off to tell us."

"Could have swore it was t'other house ye went into," said the old fellow, scratching his head. "However, it was in this one I found yer."

"Well, now, are ye feelin' a bit more ye'self?" asked McGinnis, who had been standing with his arm about me, while I gripped the bannister rail to steady myself. "If so, we'll make a move. Have a look round the place," he added to the others, "though I don't suppose anybody connected with the job has stayed to be interviewed. Still, they may have left something we can go by."

The policeman squeezed by us and marched into the best front bedroom, the bakers, keeping well behind him, following.

"Give him your arm, watchman, and we'll get him into the open," said McGinnis, impelling me gently towards the head of the staircase. "I'll go in front—see—and you put your hand on my shoulder, Barnes."

In this order, McGinnis first, myself next, the watchman behind me, and the whole superintended by Rory Boy, who came last, we slowly descended the stairs, while the others tramped in and out of the bedrooms. In the hall we paused, awaiting them. Coming down, they searched the lower rooms, and then went into the garden.

"Not a sign of 'em," said the constable, re-entering the hall. "But I'll take another squint round when it's light. Now we'd best get the gentleman to his home, and in the morning, when he's easier, I'll get him to tell me all about it."

But, thinking he might as well improve the shining hour, he pulled out his watch, and then his notebook.

"Two-forty-five," he muttered. "Then it would have happened about two-fifteen——"

From the back door came a whistle.

"Come on, dog! Good dog!"

Rory Boy appeared to be lingering in the garden, and the bakers were hailing him.

"He's scented somebody, I'm thinkin'!" exclaimed McGinnis, taking his hand off my arm. "Give the man your attention, watchman. I'll be after seeing what the dog is about."

"I must get back to my job," growled the old fellow, making towards the front doorway. "Been foolin' about on this long enough."

"'Arf a mo, mate," the constable called after him. "I'll take what you've got to tell, as you won't be about in the day."

Unwillingly the old fellow came back, and the constable, notebook to the fore, began to ask him questions. This interrogatory had not proceeded very far when McGinnis returned, dragging Rory Boy by the collar.

"No good worrying the fence, Rory," he laughed. "They were over that some time ago. You can take a run up the road."

Rory Boy, however, darted into the other unfinished house, and McGinnis whistled for him in vain.

I suppose my head must be pretty thick—it always was at school—for it had been recovering itself with rapidity. It still ached fiercely, but my brain had cleared, and I was regarding the other house—that is, the last in the avenue—with wonderment.

"Can't understand it!" I exclaimed.

"What?" asked McGinnis, between his whistles for Rory.

"Why," I said, "as I came up the road from the scrub I should naturally go into *that* house first——"

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"I told ye so," growled the old watchman.

"It was *that* house, then!" And I clutched McGinnis by the sleeve. "D'you hear, sergeant?"

"Eh?" asked McGinnis, only half attending to me.

"I was knocked down in *that* house," I said, "so how did it happen that I was found in the other?"

And upon the word, as if to corroborate the accuracy of it, from the house indicated came an unearthly yelling and yowling.

"The dog!" exclaimed McGinnis. "He's found somebody! Hold on, Rory," he yelled, drawing his truncheon from the pocket where he concealed it, and without a second's hesitation he dashed in at the next gateway, and disappeared into the house. The bobby, his dander up, followed, but the bakers, white as their own flour about the gills, hesitated.

However, action was forced upon them, for, very shortly, following a yell of "*Hold him!*" a figure came flying out of the house, and as the fellow, mouthing horrible threats, hurled himself at the open space which a gate would some day fill, one of the bakers, with considerable presence of mind, put out his foot, with the result that the fugitive came a sound cropper.

Seeing their man laid low, the white-capped bakers pounced upon him, and a hearty scramble in the mud followed, the chap fighting like a rat to get away. But kneading dough develops the muscles of the arm, and the bakers held their rat.

Meanwhile from within came a sustained yelling and yowling, and I guessed that Rory was keeping his hold in spite of punishment. This proved to be the case, for quite soon McGinnis and the constable appeared with their capture between them, and Rory still making dives at his trouser-legs. As they came through the doorway there was a glint of steel and a snap, and the man was handcuffed. Leaving him, therefore, to the far from tender care of McGinnis, the officer ran forward and swooped down upon the bakers' handful.

As captors stood round captives, and McGinnis, with his neck handkerchief, bound the second man's arms behind his back—for the rogue was of powerful build—there intruded upon the hard-drawn breathing of both parties a curious croaking speech from the old watchman.

"Why," he said, "they be furriners."

Foreigners! In the grey light of earliest dawn that now illumined the desolation of Prince of Wales' Avenue we stared hard at them.

"Didn't your hear their lingo?" added the watchman.

The bakers were holding the handcuffed man. The constable, who was gripping the bigger of the two by the coat-collar, turned his electric bull's-eye upon both faces. Then we saw. That peculiar scrubby growth of hair, the high cheek-bones, the furtive eyes—their nationality was proclaimed.

"Germans, or I'm one!" announced the watchman, and at the sound of the baleful title the bakers gripped their man the tighter, and McGinnis, with a grunt, put all the might of his wrists into the final knot he was tying.

"Sure, then," he said, "if they're that, it's no ordinary game they're playing at, and we'll have a look round before we go."

Then whipping his whistle out from beneath his coat, he blew three shrill blasts upon it, and waited, listening. Getting no response, he blew three more, and listened again. And this time, from a point not far away, came an answering whistle. Adams and Willcox, the other couple on duty, had heard, and would now be making for the direction from which the summons had proceeded.

As I have said, there were people who for some hidden reason had chosen this dismal avenue for their place of residence, and higher up the road windows were going up. McGinnis continued to sound blasts upon his whistle, and when at length Adams and Willcox, no doubt overjoyed to find "something doing" at last, came sprinting down the apology for a pavement, lights were appearing in windows, and male residents of the avenue in dressing-gowns and overcoats were emerging from their doorways and approaching us. Assistance in abundance was to hand, and McGinnis addressed the men who had reached us.

"These are German spies," he said, "so hold on to 'em. The constable and I are going to search the house where we found them. Adams and Willcox, just take charge."

He walked into the house, Rory Boy and the constable at his heels. I had recovered enough to follow.

Seeing me as he paused at the foot of the staircase, McGinnis asked:

"Where was it they hit you, man?"

"By the bath-room," I said.

They went up, I remaining below. I heard them moving about and talking. Then the constable came down, and went out, and sent

["SOMETHING DOING" continued overleaf.]

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Willcox in. I heard them shoving something about, and then, after a little time, both came down, McGinnis' face irradiated with excitement.

"Wireless," he said, "on the chimney-stack. Ye didn't notice the ladder, Barnes? They were after getting through the trap-door to the roof to make the connection when ye disturbed them. They put you out and dragged you over the fence into the next house, so as to lay us on the wrong trail when we came to look for you. It leads to the garden. Come, man," he added to Willcox.

They hurried into the garden, Rory scampering after them. Following, I saw Rory sniffing and whining round a heap of planks. The dog's instinct was sure. McGinnis tore up the planks, and I stood amazed.

It was a deep, square hole, so deep that to reach the bottom of it one had to descend by steps made of loose bricks. Side by side at the bottom of the hole stood a couple of barrels full of tar, surrounded by shavings.

"There's the board," said Willcox, going down the steps.

By the light of his torch I could see a wireless receiving instrument. And I remembered that Willcox, who went to Town every day, was employed at the headquarters of a big shipping firm, and had learnt wireless, and, incidentally, in the course of his travels, the German language.

He sat himself down on the little seat of bricks that had been built up in front of the instrument, McGinnis and I bending over the hole. Others had come through the house, and there was quite a small crowd behind us. In the grey light we stood there watching Willcox as he in his turn watched the movements of the indicator on the dial. Willcox looked puzzled at first, and then at length, as we bent over the sinister hole, he turned a white face up to us.

"Well, man?" asked McGinnis impatiently.

"I can't make it all out, but one word is insistent."

"Well?"

"*Zeppelin.*"

A gasp went round the crowd, and even as we looked into each other's pale faces, from away over there at Bigbeach there sounded a detonation like a crack of thunder.

We should have known it to be what it was even if Willcox had not uttered the dread word. After these long months of dark streets and blackened-out houses the raider had arrived at last. The Zeppelin had hurled its first bomb, and but for that very lucky blow upon the head which I got, by now these tar-barrels would be sending up a lurid glare that would show the aerial adventurers the precise situation of the laboratory where from morn to eve the Professor was planning doom for them and their kind.

It had dropped that first great explosive bomb and a score of incendiary ones, and half-a-dozen houses were in flames, before the great syren in the corporation's works yard voiced the alarm in a long-drawn, raucous scream that roused all with hearing ears for miles around.

Hovering hawk-like above its prey, the Zeppelin picked its objectives—the chief buildings of the borough—with the best aim to be mustered at such an altitude. That it missed every time and hit something inoffensive and unimportant, will be attributed by the charitable to the breeze that had sprung up with the approach of morning, and by the uncharitable to the fact that little cricket—of any kind—is played in Germany.

But at the moment we who were watching knew nothing of this bad marksmanship. We could only stare spellbound at the merciless creature as she circled about the town fulfilling her dread errand.

As the mighty thing of war approached, leaving a trail of fire behind her, we could hear her bombs rending the air with a sound much like the tearing of calico, to be followed, on reaching earth, with a terrific upshooting of red flame.

She came nearer. She was above us. With a crash a bomb dropped in the rude roadway of Prince of Wales' Avenue, thirty yards from where we gaped skywards. And then earth answered her, for from away on our right hand at that moment a shell rushed upwards and burst about her huge volume in a myriad glowing fragments. The aerial bully seemed to stagger, and we held our breath. A second shell burst above her, and she wheeled towards the sea, and, chased by shells, she flew away, and was lost to sight over the waters.

For it is not wise for an aerial bully to come too near a learned professor of explosives who keeps an anti-aircraft gun upon his lawn. So the Zeppelin used her heels, and the National Reservist at the Professor's gates took derisive pot-shots at her as she went.

As for the spies, there is but one fate for those who make hidden war upon the table whose bread they are eating.

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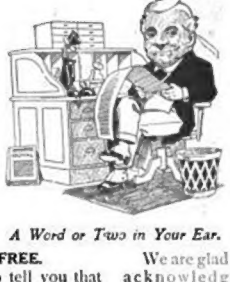
MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.



A Word or Two in Your Ear.

SEND THE *ROYAL* FREE.

I AM very happy to be able to tell you that by arrangement with the Post Office the ROYAL may now be sent to British sailors and soldiers at home or abroad, in camp, at the Front, or detained as prisoners of war, absolutely free of charge.

The only conditions are that copies of the ROYAL intended for dispatch shall be clean, in good condition, and not more than a year old.

All you have to do is to hand as many copies of the ROYAL as you can spare over the counter at any post office. These copies must not be addressed or enclosed in any wrapping or packing, nor can you send your ROYAL to any particular sailor or soldier, but on the other hand you may feel sure your gift will be put to the best use.

From a Kodak Snapshot.

There may be a prize for you if you will help christen this charming damsel with the kite——

THE F.A.F.

The ROYAL is doing well this year with its collection for the Fresh Air Fund, but Miss Phyllis Monkman, of the Alhambra Theatre, who is very kindly appealing for the F.A.F. on p. 466, is not quite content.

Will you please help, so that we may make a record collection this year?

We are glad to acknowledge, with sincere thanks from Miss Monkman and myself, the following subscriptions:

Per Miss Phyllis Monkman, £11 0s. 6d.; C. Simpson, £5 5s.; M. L. Cresswell, £2; F. E. Gayler, £1; A. Fingland, 5s.; Miss Sharpe, 3s. 9d.; Pwilheli, 2s. 3d.; E. Elwin, 10s.; F. A. L'Estrange, 9s.; Anon., 9d.; F. Townsend, 3s. 9d.; Captain T. Samuels, 18s. 9d.; E. Fegate and L. Dick, 3s. 9d.; B. Oakshott, 2s. 3d.; M. M., 3s.; N. Willis, 3s.; Anon., 9d.; A. Sharpe, £1 1s.; G. D., 9d.; Mrs. Aitcheson, £1; L. Darbyshire, 10s.; Anon., 10s.; Mrs. Lawrence, 10s.; W. Kimber, 10s.; A. Pilling, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mason, 2s. 3d.; M. Williams, 5s. 3d. Amounts previously acknowledged: £36 14s. 1d.

Total: £63 17s. 4d.

From a Kodak Snapshot.

——also the lady in the striped bathing-dress and her fair companion. You will find all particulars on this page.

CHRISTEN THE LADIES!

You will notice on my page pictures of three charming maidens. I have no idea what their Christian names are; I want you to help me christen them. Their names shall be decided according to the voting.

To the reader whose selection agrees with, or most nearly agrees with, the voting, we will give £1. To the ten readers with the next best selections we will give 5s. each.

Call the lady with the kite 1, the lady in the striped bathing-gown under the Japanese umbrella 2, and her companion 3.

Write your selection on a postcard, numbering the names 1, 2, and 3. Put your name and address below, and direct the card to the Editor, the ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C., marking it "Names" on the address side. Remember, postcards *only*. All attempts to reach us by September 20th.

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